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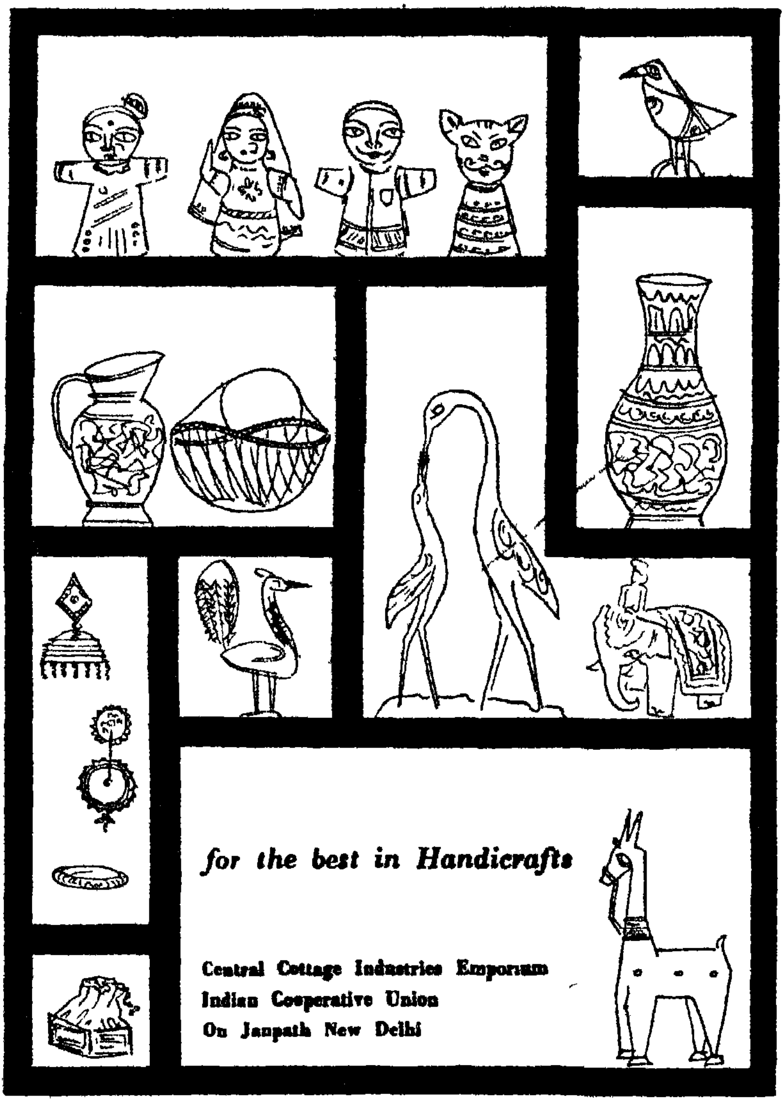
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The Parrot Lisps

Vallathol

Readers, embark, if you please,
Fancy's aeroplane,
Rove we for a while with pleasure
The skies of the past

You see before you, brothers, Mithila,[1]
The City of the *treta* age,
Whose monarch using the sceptre as oar
Rowed on and renounced *samsara*[2] –
He ruled over it then, Janaka –
and thanks to him the land became
Worthy – to be the abode of Lakshmi's birth

Terraced roofs whereon there fly
Pennons of red brocade with the emblem of the plough,
And betwixt them halls wherein
Sage Yajnavalkya's[3] disciples indite their palm-leaf books,
And a dais broad on which doth rest
Lord Siva's holy battle-bow –
We shall look at these and else afterwards,

---

1 *Mithila* the ancient capital of Videha, ruled over by Janaka, father of Sita, the heroine of *Ramayana*
2 *Samsara* the troubled ocean of worldly life with its succession of births and deaths, the abode of Lakshmi's birth' the native land of the goddess of Plenty, also the birthplace of Sita, an incarnation of Lakshmi
3 *Yajnavalkya*. a great sage and teacher of Janaka.

For here before us spreads a garden
Wallbound, and with its loving fragrance beckons us,
And with its sweet, enchanting parrot calls

Weary not, Ye Eyes, hasting
From flower to flower and sprout to sprout,
Is not the Goddess of the Garden
In the guise of a five-year old girl
Sporting heartily on the royal terrace,
Beguiling herself with many a charming game?

This little girl's body is a *champak*[1] bloom,
A red red rose is her wee little face,
Her long and lovely eyes are wrought
By the black *kaayaampu*[2],
Brimming adown her shoulders and curly-tipped,
Her luxuriant locks are a swarm of swarthy bees,
Like unto branches of creepers are her arms,
And glossy leaves, in sooth, are both her palms

Seating to meal the wondrous creatures she has made,
Like a housewife she serves them with tender hands
Sugar, candy, milk, fruits and honey,
Drawing water from a crystal tank
In a tiny golden pot, waters she,
Like a servant-maid, the various plants
That nod their heads prettily,
Spreading on the ground the cloth of silk
That she has been wearing in such sweet disarray,
And laying on it her baby doll,
As if she were a mother, she sings it to sleep,
Beating time on her thigh with a flower-soft hand,
And her golden bangles making music too
Offering flowers in adoration
To the wooden image of Vishnu, the Garuda-borne,

---

[1] *Champak* yellow fragrant flower of the champak tree
[2] *Kaayaampu* blue flower of the 'Kaayaampu'

She sits in front of it like Gargi,[1]
Her long, kohl'd eyes shut in meditation deep –
Thus she, the little dancer, is learning these parts
For the world-stage, whilst her maids around her
Stand looking, with reverent, unwinking eyes

Upon the head of an elephant sculp'd in stone,
Rendered as tribute by craftsmen of renown,
The little princess with cool red hand
Makes marks with vermilion for a while
Then placing her ball in the folded hands
Of a female puppet made of gold,
She says in a voice vying with the flute
"Show me your skill in playing with the ball."
Anon she threads on a silken string
A garland, from the *bakula*[2] flowers she herself had picked
And filled a crystal chalice with,
Each matching the other in loveliness –
Would the fingers of the child do not cause her pain!

Hark! From above the top of her playing hill,
Is heard an exquisite parrot song

"Salutation to the Skies, Obeisance to the Heavens,
The Home of the Gods, the Abode of the Clouds!
The Sky is a wide, wide lake on which burgeon and rise
The lotus white and the lotus red – the Moon and Sun,
The little lilies are the lovely Stars,
The Sky is the ocean where sails the Eagle-ship of gold!
Salutation to the Skies, Obeisance to the Heavens,
Ye, Home of the Gods, Ye, Abode of the Clouds!

Now you are a forest of nascent clouds,
Now you are a sea-shore on white clouds of sand!

---

[1] *Gargi* second wife of Yajnavalkya, engaged, unlike the first, in the duties of home including worship of images.
[2] *Bakula*. a tree with small fragrant flowers

Now you wear the saffron of the evening glow,
Now with mere ashes you are all over daubed.
Salutation to the Skies, Obeisance to the Heavens,
Ye, Home of the Gods, Ye Abode of the Clouds.

Who can praise thee, Skies? You are the Eternal, the Pure,
The Flawless, the Equable, the Serene, the Omnipresent,
Parabrahman!
Without Beginning, Middle, or End, an Expanse of Joy,
You are Freedom Outstretched, You are Liberty Unfolded!
Salutation to the Skies, Obeisance to the Heavens,
Ye, Home of the Gods, Ye, Abode of the Clouds!"

"Oh dear — oh dear! do you not hear
These curious parrots talk like us!
We must catch them," crieth she,
Out of love to play with them

No sooner said than done so, what?
The desires of the palace can make
Even birds on wing in the skies to be plucked
Like green leaves in the courtyard tree

The servants of the princess eager,
They scurried out, brought her somehow
The parrot pair that sang describing
The limitless expanse of the blue

A milk-like smile of joy did spread
Upon the lips of the little girl,
What greater gift do the servants need
Than the sight of those rubies[1] mixed with pearls[1].

She ran forward and in both hands took
That parrot pair — Nature's emerald gems,
and held them close to her precious breast
Whereon played bright necklaces

---

[1] *Rubies* ruby red lips, *pearls*: pearl-white teeth.

With the crimson corals that were their beaks
Set on her flowery cheeks, she stood.
Their bodies that shone like velvet green
She caressed by turns with her smoother hands.

"How much better is she, this one,
Than my parrot worked with threads of silk,"
So she praised – even Viswakarma[1] has not come by
Great Nature's Book of Creative Art

"You must be hungry, here take this warm milk,
And this honey sweet in the silver dish,
Eat these fruits, and as much as you please,
And talk a little as ere you did"
When the girl, so fondly, in this strain
Began her words of welcome as a host,
The birds that winged the vasty skies
At each other gazed in fear, again;
A prison is a prison though it's made of gold[2]

The Lord of Videha's wife, queen consort
Was resting within her mansion, then,
Alone in a spacious hall

A calm that the palace enwrapped
Painted with its purity
Sacred ashes on the mounting breasts
Of the Goddess of the Mansion's Pomp

Even the tinkling bangles of the abigails
Ever eager to serve did hardly break
The gentle hush of the zenana

Musing on the *sutras* in which
Maitreyi[3] had initiated her,

---

[1] *Viswakarma* architect, sculptor, of the gods.
[2] *of gold* are not Sita's hands golden?
[3] *Maitreyi* first wife of Yajnavalkya, a noted philosopher in her own right.

This queen with her own mortal eyes
Was enabled to taste the Supreme Bliss
For with a half-strung wreath of *bakula* flowers
Pendent, ashaking down her shoulders,
Comes the maiden rushing headlong –
Herself a flower flying in the wind

"Don't you run, you might slip and fall –"
Cry the golden ankles above her lotus feet!
"Can this slender waist support us?'
Twitter the bells around her waist!

Like riches following the Goddess Lakshmi,
The maids do follow the princess dear,
From afar they bow, and the Mother in haste,
With outstretched hands approaches nigh,
And in her arms she gathers the girl,
And presses her to her dewy breast,
She kisses her face again, again,
– That blossom distilling the honey of her sweat

Finding the girl who had returned
After playing in the courtyard bower,
Her behaviour seems like that of a mother
Who had been separated long from her child –
So expressed the queen's countenance
Cool'd by love, and sunk as she was
In the shoreless ocean of bliss
A clepsydra[1] that sinks in an hour
Sinks in a second in the water of love

The fondling of the Mother to grow,
Today, the impatient daughter permits not,

---

[1] *Clepsydra* an ancient time-measuring device The Indian variety consisted of a small vessel with a hole at the bottom floating in a bigger vessel of water The time taken for the smaller vessel to sink being known, time was measured by the level of the water in the small vessel

What happened in the garden – she had a tale to tell –
Rama's, and the dear one thus begins.

"So naughty is that parrot, Mother,
It says Rama is coming to marry me,
Mother's daughter! To that I cons–"
And interrupts the queen "What talks she?"
And the nurse replies
"From the sacred ashrama of Valmiki –"
At the mention of the Sage's name
The palms of the queen of Videha
Folded and turn'd into a lotus bud
"Two parrots came to the flower garden,
And they are such word-adepts –"
"They argue like us," broke in the girl,
"Let the nurse talk, my darling, dear –"
The queen hinders the honey flow –
"The kingly birds, they surely know
The *Ramayana* which the Sage
Seeing into the future, composed,
From that stately epic they did recite
Some stanzas for our Sita to hear,
The son of monarch Dasaratha,
Rama, of form born beautiful,
Will marry this little Janaki –
So says the seer What luck, what luck!"
The song of the gain of a son-in-law so great
Rains manna into that Mother's ears

And the little one asks "Why should this Valmiki
Marry me off to Rama?"
The Mother consoles her "Young girls, my dear,
Have to pass through that"
But the maiden had made her decision
"I don't want others, I only want my Mother to marry me"
And the while everyone bursts into laughter
The child throws her arms round her Mother's neck

Translated from Malayalam
by C. P Kerala Varma and Manjeri S Isvaran

Blind Gold

D. R. Bendre

Blind Gold was a-dancing
And spurning the prostrate in the dust.
Blind gold was a-dancing.

On its ankles was tinkling silver,
Of the soap-colour of dead bones,
The bones of consumptive girl-mothers

Cowry shells dangled from its neck,
Sockets of the aenemic eyes of poor, little children
Dead and buried as mere bundles of bones

The torch in its hand was ablaze
With the fierce hunger in poor men's pates
Inextinguishably aflame

Blind gold reeled and danced,
Drunk with the tears of the helpless,
And swaggered around as proud words swelled in its mouth.

Its forehead was painted yellow and saffron
With the dust and sweat that wrinkled the skin
Of slaving millions, their whole life's earnings

It set the bells pealing ding-dong in the temple
It set the violin and the lute to soft tunes in the palace.
And it left bags of money ajingle in the market-place.

Dancing madly, dancing waywardly,
Blind gold fell prostrate on the ground
When the fun was at its highest

Shoulder it safely, shoulder blind gold
Cremate it, shouldering, it may start dancing again.
Cremate blind gold that was a-dancing.

Translated from Kannada by V. K. Gokak

Transformations

Buddhadeva Bose

Work beats on my day,
My night's awake with dreams.
Awake, I say,
Out of the clash of stone and steel,
O simple flame!
Beautiful flame that burns
All things down to thought,
Till the world has withered to mere,
Chill abandoned air
On the bleak slopes of thought
Awake, O lotus flame,
Along with stalk of my heart
That everything may come
Back to lighted homes,
And thought be licked to shape,
The cold moon to a cup
Empurpled with the breath
Of warm brides at dawn.
Arise, O flower in flint,
Eternal flame that shines
Through the bleeding, blessing wound
Of every passing moment.
Rise along the stalk
Of sweet transience,
And grant eternity
To sick transience
Rise, I pray, O flame,
Let the cycle turn,
And flesh become but thought,
And thought the bloom of life
Hanging on to death,
While the seeds of death return
To blood, bone and breath

Translated from Bengali by the author

The Beggar

Nirala

There he comes
With a heart broken by tribulation
Ruefully he comes
The pit of his stomach clings to his back.
He walks with the help of a staff
For a handful of alms to appease his hunger
He holds open the mouth of his old torn sack.
With a heart broken by tribulation
Ruefully he comes
Two children are with him, palms outspread
With his left hand he kneads his stomach
And holds out his right for mercy
Hunger has withered his lips
Givers! How much does he get
From the dispensers of his fate?
He quenches his thirst with tears
Standing in the road he licks the leavings
Of feasts off leaf plates lying on garbage heaps
Contending with dogs who snatch the food away
Wait, Oh, wait, I shall bring you nourishment,
Wringing the waters of life from my heart
As strong as Abhimanyu you shall be,
I shall take upon myself your suffering

Translated from Hindi by Lila Ray

Thou Art Not Here

Amrita Pritam

Spring is here again,
Flowers are silken clad
For the festival of colours,
But thou art not here

The days have lengthened,
The grape is touched with pink,
The scythe hath kissed the corn,
But thou art not here

Clouds are spread across the sky,
The earth hath opened her palms
And drunk the draught of kindness,
But thou art not here

The trees are touched with magic,
Lips of the winds that kiss the woodlands
Are full of honey,
But thou art not here

Bewitching seasons have come and gone,
Many moons have woven plaits
On the black tresses of night,
But thou art not here

Today again the stars did stay
In life's mansion, even now
The lamps of beauty are still aflame
But thou art not here

Rays of the sun did also whisper,
In the deep slumbers of the night
The moon is ever awake,
But thou art not here

Translated from Punjabi by Khushwant Singh

Take Heart, My Dear

Rahman Rahi

The frontiers of our land are resounding with the cry:
the spring is coming soon
Cherish thy hopes, my dear, and bestir thyself,
for the spring will soon be here
To meet the morn of the day that is dawning
see how the hill-tops are all aglow,
see how the tulips have filled their cups
with the warm red blood of their own heart.
If we keep to the course of the timely wind,
we shall steer our boat across the sea,
but should we not learn this life's secret,
surely we must flounder on the way
Take heart, my dear,
see how the drop seeks out the flood,
see how the tiny spark's eye is aflame,
and see the proud mien of the new-born crescent
as proud as that of the full-grown moon
If love lights its torch in the heart of man,
the dark night flies, the morning comes apace.
Who knows what the poet means to say?
What secret he wants us to know and keep?
But never sell the secret thou hast known,
never bend thy head, never supplicate

Translated from Kashmiri by J L. Kaul

West Meets East

Tagore on the banks of the river Plate

Victoria Ocampo

> In the joy of your heart may you feel the living joy that sang one spring morning sending its glad voice across a hundred years
>
> — *The Gardener*
>
> He is singing God's praise under the trees by the open road
>
> — *Fruit Gathering*

In September 1924 it was announced that Rabindranath Tagore would pass through Buenos Aires on his way to Peru, and from that moment we who knew his poems in the French translation of Gide, the English of Yeats or the Spanish of Zenobia Camprubi (wife of our Juan Ramon Jimenez) anxiously awaited the Poet's arrival which for us would be the great event of the year For me, it was to be one of the greatest events of my life

I had only recently entered the world of letters by writing articles for 'La Nacion[1]' It may be interesting to recall the subject of the first three notices I sent to that newspaper 'Dante,' 'Ruskin' and 'Mahatma Gandhi' (March 1924) The title of the fourth article was going to be 'The Joy of reading Rabindranath Tagore' When Tagore's turn came, he was to find himself in good company and, already then, beside one of his countrymen The names of the Italian poet, the English essayist and the Indian I worship – for whom I find no adequate qualification – were at least pointers to my preferences, if not to my literary capacity.

That spring was, in San Isidro, limpid and warm, with an extraordinary abundance of roses I used to spend the mornings in my room, with all the windows open, smelling them, reading Tagore, thinking of Tagore, writing to Tagore, waiting for

---

[1] 'La Nacion' and 'La Prensa' are the two most important newspapers in Argentina and South America

Tagore. The outcome of this reading, thinking, writing and waiting were the pages later published in 'La Nacion.' In those days of great expectation it never occurred to me that the Poet would be my guest on the cliffs of San Isidro I dared not even hope that during his brief stay in Buenos Aires he would find the time for meeting his devoted admirers, me for one

I have re-read 'The Joy of reading Rabindranath Tagore,' which might just as well have had for title '*Waiting* for Rabindranath Tagore' These pages were never included in the volumes I published later because I always intended to dedicate a separate book to him

The essay to which I have been referring contains something like a parallel between one of the French writers who best represent our restless, tormented West and the Bengali thinker who not only stands for the East but is like a bridge in the making between East and West, and I have therefore thought that it would be fitting to give here a partial translation of what I wrote on that occasion

For epigraph my essay had a verse of Tagore "Eyes see only dust and earth but feel with the heart, and know pure joy"

In a paper read at the University of Birmingham in 1911 and later published under the title of 'Consciousness and Life,' Bergson speaks to us of joy in the following terms "The philosophers who have speculated on the meaning of life and on the destiny of man have not taken sufficient account of the fact that nature has gone to the trouble of instructing us herself on this subject Nature warns us by a definite sign when our destiny is accomplished This sign is joy I say 'joy', I do not say 'pleasure' Pleasure is only an artifice employed by nature to obtain from living creatures the preservation of life, *it does not indicate its direction* But joy always proclaims that life has been successful, that it has gained ground, that it has achieved a victory· *all great joy sounds a triumphant note.*"

I have observed that there are two kinds of books. those that give pleasure and those that give joy.

For instance, the hours spent reading *Remembrance of Things Past* have been for me hours of pleasure and also hours of anguish when I identified myself with the characters, but hours totally lacking in joy Proust, the incomparable Proust, makes us live, at a slowed-down rhythm and in a solidified form, sensations that the human being can only stand, thanks to their flow, to the 'accelerando' movement that accompanies them and to their transitory nature.

The swiftness of our dreams enables us to concentrate in a few seconds a whole series of events, often dramatic, which would take days in real life If we could slow down, as in a moving picture, the swiftness of one of these dreams — in which every dialogue is enriched by a thousand lateral ramifications and every event by an overwhelming wealth of detail — and make it last several years, what a monstrous nightmare would a simple dream become — and how like Proust!

The incessant gasping of Swann's thoughts (*Swann's Way*) pursuing Odette's thoughts, which he is unable to grasp, reaches us with such a precise and endless reiteration that it suffocates us The torment of passion, the variety Stendhal calls 'amour passion,' had never before been analysed as it has been done by Proust "In Swann's love there is everything," says Ortega y Gasset, "points of warm sensuality, purple pigments of mistrust, brown of habit, grey of weariness of life One thing alone is absent love"

When my sisters and I were girls we had a governess whose instructions on swimming were summed up in the advice "Breathe under water" She never explained how this was to be done

Reading *Swann's Way*, I heard again Mlle X-'s voice "Breathe under water, children!" It is just as impossible to breathe in the atmosphere of the passion described by Proust as to follow

the strange advice of our governess (who probably meant something quite different by it and was trying to teach us the crawl). Breath fails us as we go from page to page and the dives get longer and longer. We have to put down the book from time to time and come up for air But we soon open it again, so entranced do we become in following the thousand ramifications of that miracle of analysis of the unseizable, reinforced by the author's incomparable creative genius It is something that had never yet been attempted on such a scale and cannot — or so it seems to me — be repeated It will remain a unique literary achievement.

We have come far, very far indeed from the person about whom I want to write As far or farther than Paris is from Calcutta, the Bois de Boulogne from the Maidan and Versailles from the Taj Mahal Baudelaire, in one of his most nostalgic poems, 'Moesta et Errabunda,' expressed this feeling of immense distance, the distance, in this case, that separates childhood from maturity, in the following verses

L'innocent Paradis plein de plaisirs furtifs
Est-il déja plus loin que l'Inde et que la Chine[1]

but I suspect this distance is a false one, both in the case of childhood and in the case of India

It seems to me ~~that~~ precisely after diving in *Remembrance of Things Past*, so utterly devoid of joy, the joy of entering Tagore's world becomes more evident, is made 'sensible au coeur,' as Pascal would have said It is the joy of *being* in some small measure Tagore, after having been Proust, for we belong to the kind of people who identify themselves with the books they read, as we *become* the music we hear (this faculty of identification so much dreaded by Tolstoy)

Yes To enter Tagore's world on emerging from that of Proust

[1] Is the innocent Paradise, full of furtive pleasures,
Already farther away than India and China

is like taking a bath after a dusty journey through the Western desert It is like drinking the fresh morning air under a centuries-old tree after a long stay in a great city, beautiful but exhaling all that accumulates and becoming vitiated in it It is like arriving at a friend's house after a trying day spent among persons who know enough of our fragmentary truths to be completely mistaken about our total truth

Shall I ever be able to thank Tagore, to tell him of the unmixed joy his poems and essays brought to me?

In the preface to Kabir's Spanish translation, Joaquin Gonzalez says, with reference to 'Sadhana' *But this is exactly our own way of feeling and seeing the problems of Godhead!* To know that I share this opinion with a countryman of mine is a comforting thought

'Sadhana,' as Tagore himself explains, is a sum of lessons which gives to Westerners a chance of entering into the spirit of ancient India, as it is revealed to man in the sacred texts and as it manifests itself in actual life If it were necessary to transcribe the passages of that book underlined by me, I would have to copy almost the whole of it

For Westerners, says Tagore, the religious writings of India do not seem to offer, generally speaking, any interest other than a retrospective and archeological one [1] For us, he adds, they are of vital importance

As far as I am concerned (this was written in 1924), I suspect that those who attribute to the Upanishads or to the teaching of Buddha only a retrospective or archeological value must be the selfsame people who rob the Gospels of their deep significance and their normative meaning The spiritual content, eternally alive, of these doctrines, of this wisdom (the roots of

[1] *Sadhana* was published in 1921 If Tagore were still alive now, in 1958, I think he would have written otherwise A great change has taken place

which go deep down in the common earth that gives them, and gives us, through them, *vital nourishment*) remain beyond their comprehension, whether they belong to the species of the free-thinker or that of the sectarian or bigot. "Thou shalt gain by giving away," "Thou shalt not covet', say the Upanishads It is already our Gospels Under different skies, different latitudes and at different times, these are the same thoughts that make their way along the sound-waves of souls, the same thoughts that avail themselves of the same obstacles to gain strength and start forth along some new path, towards the same end that region "dont l'esprit humain n'a jamais su le nom" (of which the human spirit has never known the name)

The essence of Tagore's fervent 'Sadhana' is what our Saint Thomas called 'the appetite for unity'

Gide, to whom we owe such a beautiful, and I hope accurate, translation of *Gitanjali*, points out that this collection of poems demands no preparation from the reader The same may be said of almost all Tagore's writings (at least that part that has reached us in translations) But though no scholarly preparation is required for reading them I believe a spiritual ripeness is necessary to fathom their depth

One of Tagore's plays, *Chitra*, which derives its theme from an episode of the *Mahabharata*, contains, in poetic form, a very instructive story, or as the American Poe would have put it 'an elevating excitement of the soul'

All Tagore's readers will remember that Chitra is the only daughter and heir of the King of Manipur, who brings her up as a boy One day, Chitra, in boy's clothes, meets Arjuna in a forest and falls in love with him Arjuna does not even notice her In her despair, Chitra begs the gods of Love and Eternal Youth to make her so beautiful for one day that she might catch Arjuna 'in her strong toil of grace' The god, or gods, grant her a year of beauty Arjuna falls into the trap and adores the fair unknown But Chitra soon begins to understand that she has created a rival her own body Arjuna who does not know

who she is, also begins to worry. He begs Chitra to tell him her name, to give him something more lasting than pleasure, something that would endure even through pain What Arjuna is asking for is 'joy' (Pascal's and Bergson's joy which, contrary to pleasure, can co-exist with pain) The year is not over before Arjuna is already seeking in the beloved that which his arms have been unable to encompass and all that earthly beauty has been unable to give

The last night comes In the final scene Chitra, bereft of her dazzling beauty and changed back into the girl whom Arjuna had earlier ignored in the forest, reveals her name to him and says "If you desire to keep me by your side in the path of danger and daring, if you allow me to share the great duties of your life, you will know my true self" The play ends with the words of Arjuna "Beloved, my life is full"

Arjuna and Chitra have finally found what they sought that which for want of a more adequate word we call joy (and which made Pascal weep with gratefulness)

Again, against our will, Swann's anxious, sensual, pathetic face haunts us That pitiful face which reflects the changing aspect of things no human effort may detain or fix the torments of a passion which does not give but takes, and vainly seeks to lock up the beloved within the boundaries of its prison

Arjuna, anxious to realise his eternal, divine essence, passes through this changing aspect of all things (Maya) without serious harm Swann bleeds to death

'What should I do with that by which I may not be immortal?" says the *Brihad-Aranyaka-Upanishad* That is the cry of Arjuna and of the Great Sentinel who lent his voice to him This is the Poet's cry in his most transparent poems

> Your questioning eyes are sad They seek to know my meaning as the moon would fathom the sea.
> I have bared my life before your eyes from end to end,

with nothing hidden or held back That is why you know me not.
If it were only a gem, I could break it into a hundred pieces and string them into a chain to put on your neck
It it were only a flower, round and small and sweet, I could pluck it from its stem to set it in your hair
But it is a heart, my beloved, Where are its shores and its bottom? You know not the limits of this kingdom, still you are its queen
If it were only a moment of pleasure it would flower in an easy smile, and you could see it and read it in a moment
If it were merely a pain it would melt in limpid tears, reflecting its inmost secret without a word
But it is love, my beloved.
Its pleasure and pain are boundless, and endless its wants and wealth
It is as near to you as your life, but you can never wholly know it

Why is it and to what is it due that the sharp pain of not being able to know 'completely' the heart of the beloved, as well as the pain of not being able to make our own heart 'completely' known, are free from bitterness when it is Tagore who tells us of it? Instead of bitterness, what unlimited trust! Instead of pain, a healing balm We feel free from the wounds that torture Swann If we turn our eyes towards them, we discover that they seem foreign to our *real* self *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* has become a symbolic title, and our joy overflows at being not on Swann's but on 'Tagore's Way'

This I wrote 33 years ago, and now I think that if Tagore had known or read Proust, he could not have written about him anything more suitable than the following paragraphs from *Sadhana* " in (modern European) literature we miss the complete view of man which is simple and yet great Man appears instead as a psychological problem, or as the embodiment of passion that is intense because abnormal, being exhibited in the glare of a fiercely emphatic artificial light When

man's consciousness is restricted only to the immediate vicinity of his human self, the deeper roots of his nature do not find their permanent soil, his spirit is ever on the brink of starvation Then it is that man misses his inner perspective and measures his greatness by his bulk and not by its vital link with the infinite "

I mentioned, in the course of this article, our faculty to become the music we hear and submit to the changes this 'becoming' brings to us A talented orchestra conductor, who is a man of many gifts, Ernest Ansermet, was telling me, a few days ago, that when anything has been translated into music, music of a high order, there remains no difference between pain and joy, grief and happiness, at least in their effects everything transmuted into the language of great music is felt as a delight Is it not partly, I wonder, because we know and accept that the shores and depths of music are unfathomable? Tagore knew and accepted this, not only about music

And it strikes me that the only vital link with the infinite we find in Proust is *music* Meditating on 'the great night of our soul, impenetrable and discouraging, we take for emptiness and nothingness,' and explaining that music shows us its hidden richness, Proust says that some musical phrases are linked – so he feels – to the reality of our soul Nothingness is perhaps the final truth, and our dreams inexistent, says he But if we perish, we will take as hostages those divine captives "And death with them becomes less bitter, less inglorious – perhaps less probable "

Perhaps less probable these words seem to have been wrung out of him Less bitter, less inglorious, he admits And finally as if against his will comes the 'perhaps less probable '

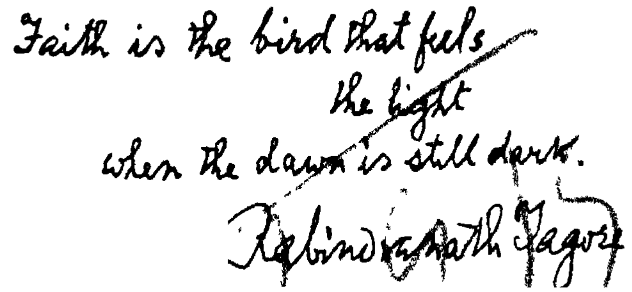
The first impact of one little phrase in an oft-heard sonata can tear his heart asunder with too poignant reminiscences But he soon recovers and begins to speak of the *spell of grief* And of 'the vanity of his sufferings ' He soon begins to explain that music has revealed to him the wealth of his own soul and the

debt we owed the composers who have plunged for us in 'the thick, unexplored darkness and brought back with them one of the million sparks of light behind it'

Those sparks wrung from sheer darkness are joy And, in some ways, I was first made aware of its meaning (the meaning of joy) through Tagore's poems That is why I wrote in 'La Nacion' that I wished to welcome him to my country with the word 'joy' on my lips Joy, joy, tears of joy

Now, on the eve of his Centenary, I feel the need to speak again about that gift I owe him, so that I may be heard by the people of the land where he was born It is the best way of speaking with him again Now, as in the rose-loaded spring of 1924, he is as near to me as my life, because he helped me to pass 'from the unreal to the real'

July 1958
San Isidro (ARGENTINA)



Thakazhi's 'Rantitangazhi'[1]

K. M Panikkar

Thakazhi's *Rantitangazhi* is a recognised classic in Malayalam It deals with the life of landless agricultural labourers in the marshy land of Kuttanad, at a time when feudal relationship had broken down and a wage economy had taken its place In this particular area of Kerala agricultural work is a specialised operation as the fields are under water and have therefore to be bunded and drained every season The labour involved is not only heavy and unhealthy but very specialised and has been the function of certain classes who in the past had been attached as serfs to the land In former times the landowners and the serfs had established a traditional relationship which involved rights on both sides Necessarily this system broke down with the introduction of modern capitalist cultivation and the labourer still clinging to his ideas of loyalty to his master, was faced with a contractual economy which strictly defined his dues and extinguished his traditional rights It is with this transitional period that Thakazhi deals in *Rantitangazhi*

The story is that of an intelligent worker who begins his life with the normal illusions of youth, of loyalty to the land, to his work and to his master and becomes gradually disillusioned Slowly he awakens to the new forces around him, to the tyranny of the social system, to the injustice of prevailing economic conditions and is caught up relentlessly in the conflicts – political, economic and social – that developed in this area in the period immediately following the war The individual inevitably suffers and the story moves on to a tragic end

It is a powerful novel with the characters realistically drawn and the events moving with the inevitability of a great tragedy

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[1] Thakazhi Shivashankara Pillai, aged 45, is one of the leading novelists and short story writers in Malayalam His novel, referred to above, has been translated into Hindi and Urdu and published by Sahitya Akademi, under the title, *Do Ser Dhan* It is under translation in several other Indian languages also — *Ed.*

The social life of the classes that Thakazhi deals with is portrayed with genuine sympathy and understanding, using their own living speech and realising in an exceptional degree the atmosphere of their social life

In his later and more mature work, *Chemmeen*,[1] dealing with the life of the sea-faring fisher folk on the coast, Thakazhi has moved away from the theme of class conflict, but in *Rantitangazhi*, there is a political bias which some may regret, but which, it must be recognised, gives intensity and genuineness to his novel

Though as a novelist his place in Malayalam literature is an assured one, it is as a short story writer that Thakazhi is best known It is undoubtedly through that medium he has expressed himself best and in the most satisfying manner

[1] This novel was awarded the Sahitya Akademi Prize for 1957 and has also been selected by the Akademi for translation in other Indian languages —*Ed*

Recent Literary Criticism in Britain

David Daiches

What one may call the modern movement in English literary criticism begins as a revolt against the casual urbanity and the genial impressionism which characterised both academic and general critical discourse in the early years of the present century. This revolt took several forms, but in general its tendency was to make criticism more rigorous, more precise, more analytic, and less dependent on the subjective reporting of the critic's own reactions to the work under discussion. At the same time new psychological ideas increased interest in the 'genetic' aspect of criticism, in the study of how writers come to write and of the origins and development of particular poems or novels. Anthropology also came into criticism, often working together with psychology in the study of the ritual origins of certain types of literature and of the 'archetypal' themes and images which can be traced back into primitive folklore and which recur in all great works of literary art. Psychology could also be used, as it was by I. A. Richards, in order to explain how language works in poetry, to emphasise the differentiating qualities of the literary use of language, and to construct a theory of literary value. Finally, the tradition founded by Matthew Arnold, which related the study of literature to the study of its cultural context and linked the search for absolute standards to the notion of the centrality of great literature in any satisfactory society, was developed in a variety of ways. Thus anti-impressionist analytic rigour, study of origins and of archetypes, investigation of the special uses of language and kinds of meaning found in imaginative literature, and the search for standards as a cure for cultural and social ills — these represent the main lines on which the most significant modern criticism has proceeded.

One of the fathers of the modern critical revolution was T. E. Hulme (1883-1917), who as early as 1913 was objecting strenuously to the romantic view of poetry as self-expression and advocating dryness, hardness and objectivity as the essentials of good poetic imagery. "I object even to the best of the

romantics I object still more to the receptive attitude I object to the sloppiness which doesn't consider that a poem is a poem unless it is moaning or whining about something or other" Against self-expression, generalised evocativeness and freedom, Hulme set objectivity, clear and precise images ('the exact curve of the thing) and discipline His articles in 'The New Age' and elsewhere influenced T S Eliot, who was soon afterwards to express similar views "The progress of an artist is a continual self-sacrifice a continual extinction of personality" Or 'Honest criticism and sensitive appreciation are directed not upon the poet but upon the poetry" And again "There are many people who appreciate the expression of sincere emotion in verse, and there is a smaller number of people who can appreciate technical excellence But very few know when there is expression of *significant* emotion, emotion which has its life in the poem and not in the history of the poet The emotion of art is impersonal" *The Sacred Wood*, Eliot's first important volume of criticism, published in 1920 enunciated a view of poetry on these lines, and it had enormous influence on critical theory as well as on poetic practice

The attack on the self-expressive function of literature led to a revaluation of the place of convention in art In his essay on *Four Elizabethan Dancers* (1924) Eliot cited the case of the ballet dancer as the type of the artist "In the ballet only that is left to the actor which is properly the actor's art The general movements are set for him There are only limited movements that one can make, only a limited degree of emotion that he can express He is not called upon for his personality No artist produces great art by a deliberate attempt to express his personality He expresses his personality indirectly through concentrating upon a task which is a task in the same sense as the making of an efficient engine or the turning of a jug or a table-leg" Thus the uses of convention and of stylization become a major object of interest for the modern critic and artist This links up with Yeats's theory of the mask and the 'anti-self' which the true poet must wear, and with the attention that Yeats and others paid to types of oriental stylization such as those found in the Japanese Nó plays

Hulme's theories of objectivity and precision taken together with a similar insistence on precision of imagery in the poetry of the American Ezra Pound, produced the short-lived Imagist movement, a school of poetry which insisted on the sharp, individualised visual image But this movement was far too narrowly conceived to be able to effect any significant change in poetic theory or practice, what was needed was a more complex view of poetry which could employ Hulme's view of the poetic image in a richer context This was provided in large measure by the new view of the place of intellect in poetry – a view again most adequately expressed by Eliot in his influential essay on *The Metaphysical Poets* (1921) "Tennyson and Browning are poets, and they think, but they do not feel their thought as immediately as the odour of a rose A thought to Donne was an experience, it modified his sensibility" Eliot argued that until the late seventeenth century, thought and passion had worked together in English poetry, but that in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries they were separated, poetry being either reflective or emotional but never fusing both thought and emotion together It was such a fusion that Eliot advocated, and which his generation saw most brilliantly achieved in the poetry of John Donne and the Metaphysical School Grierson's great edition of Donne, published in 1912, encouraged this new interest in and admiration of this difficult but exciting poet The posthumous publication in 1918 of the poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins the one Victorian poet who went right outside the romantic and the Tennysonian tradition to use language in a way which combined intense emotion and subtle thought, also encouraged the new movement Wit and irony return to serious poetry, the pun, used as a serious poetic device by Shakespeare and Donne but avoided by serious poets in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries (except for Hopkins) also returns, multiple meanings, 'ambivalence', the simultaneous communication of different attitudes, are more and more regarded as criteria of great poetry And the romantic poet is regarded as at fault in always treating himself naively as the hero of his own poem instead of including within the poem a counter-poem, an implicit pattern of irony or self-criticism, which both enlarges meaning and serves as an insurance against

parody

A new view of the English poetic tradition thus emerges, Donne is now more important than Spenser, and Hopkins than Tennyson In America, the re-writing of English literary history was undertaken with brisk over-simplification in such a book as Cleanth Brooks's *Modern Poetry and the Tradition* (1939), which exalts every poet in the 'symbolist-metaphysical' tradition and depresses those who are not This came at the end of two decades of vigorous critical discussion, and represented a text-book formulation of the new position which has radically affected the teaching of English at American universities, and which has recently returned to England via America in its trans-Atlantic dress It should be added that this movement is essentially unhistorical if not anti-historical Works of literature are regarded as independent, individual, self-existing works of art, to be discussed, analysed and appraised as such, not as documents in the history of ideas or in the biography of the writer The tendency is to discuss poems and not poets, the older 'bio-critical' approach being abandoned in favour of one which sees every literary work as ideally, contemporary and anonymous Thus while the analytic subtlety and complexity of modern criticism drove a gap between the professional and the layman (who was generally content to continue with the old urbane impressionism), the anti-historical and anti-biographical implications of the Hulme-Eliot position led to a gap between scholar and critic, warfare between whom has been one of the features of the modern literary scene

Meanwhile, new psychological ideas were influencing criticism in various ways I A Richards set out in his *Principles of Literary Criticism* (1924) to construct a general psychological theory of value in the light of which literary works could be seen to be valuable A balanced organisation of impulses and 'appetencies' is what makes the good man, poetry, by arising out of and communicating such a balanced state helps to improve the reader's psychological health In trying to account for the way in which poetry can communicate a state of mind, Richards was led into an investigation of *meaning* his book on

the subject which he wrote jointly with C K Ogden, *The Meaning of Meaning* (1923), is a pioneer study in semantics which has produced a steady current of interest in semantic questions on the part of literary critics In distinguishing 'emotive' from 'referential' meaning, the former being used in poetry and the latter in scientific and factual discourse, Richards was trying to defend poetry against the age-old charge of telling lies and to vindicate it in a scientific age, while his psychological theory of value was meant to make possible a scientific and objective method of evaluating literary works But Richards' practice has proved much more influential than his theory His investigations of the ways in which 'emotive meaning' works in particular poems make him the father of modern practical criticism His *Practical Criticism* (1929) has had enormous influence in encouraging students to attempt precise and detailed evaluation of poems through analysis of imagery and structure and of the way the language *works*

Psychology has come into criticism in other ways also, Freudian psychology in encouraging individual studies of how writers came to be what they were and to write as they did (e g Herbert Read's *Wordsworth*, 1930) and Jungian psychology in the investigation of myth and metaphor and of the place of archetypes in poetic imagery The latter influence is seen in Maud Bodkin's *Archetypal Patterns in Poetry* (1934) and in a rather more complex way, in the critical books of G Wilson Knight (beginning with *The Wheel of Fire*, 1930), who sees the most significant feature of a work of imaginative literature in the pattern of meaning woven by the implications of image and symbol as they recur with varying degrees of explicitness throughout the total poem or play

The Arnoldian strain in English criticism combines with the new anti-romanticism and the insistence on analytic rigour in the influential criticism of F R Leavis who, like Arnold, sees imaginative literature as central to a culture, echoed Arnold's plea for *the best* and addressed himself to the task of critical discrimination with fierce devotion In his periodical *Scrutiny* (1932-53) Dr Leavis and his disciples waged a strenuous

campaign for critical standards, by both precept and example *Scrutiny* was committed to a critical policy of unrelaxed vigilance, of a ruthless sifting of the little wheat of good and serious literature from the abundant chaff of triviality, 'modishness' and academicism The Leavis school is suspicious of general theories of literature and operates almost entirely through practical criticism of selected works Leavis's books, notably *The Great Tradition* (1948) and *Revaluations* (1936) have had great influence and caused much controversy His repudiation of the view of criticism as urbane and gentlemanly discourse, his attacks on the academicism which sees all literary works of the past as equally interesting, his insistence on true moral commitment and the fully realised moral vision in literature, his contempt for mere entertainment and for every kind of literary frivolity and light-hearted play, his insistence that only a tiny minority of literary works constitute the true English literary tradition, his exaltation of George Eliot and D H Lawrence as the two greatest English novelists by whose achievements all others are to be judged — all these views and opinions can be seen clearly in his disciples who often maintain them with an even greater rigidity and a sterner prophetic tone than their master For this school literature is the central activity in a culture, evaluative criticism is (especially in the modern world) a profoundly serious and responsible activity, indulgence to the enemy is treason to civilisation

Modern English criticism has not all been anti-romantic Middleton Murry's enthusiastic visionary criticism (seen, for example, in his books on Keats, on Blake, and on Shakespeare) has the true romantic passion, and Herbert Read, in addition to acting as middleman for new theories of art and poetry, continues the romantic tradition of self-expression in such a book as *The True Voice of Feeling* (1953), in which he links together organic form, transcendentalism, 'sincerity', and 'the true voice of feeling' to postulate a kind of primal naturalness as the only true criterion of great literature At the same time the tradition of semantic exploration allied to practical criticism, founded by Richards, has been developed in the complex critical analyses of William Empson, whose *Seven Types of*

Ambiguity (1930) has had great influence, particularly among American critics, and whose *Structure of Complex Words* (1951) well illustrates the kind of brilliant intellectual gymnastics for which Professor Empson is famous

It is perhaps surprising that in spite of the great interest in Marxist thought in the 1930s, no Marxist criticism of permanent value has been produced in England, though sociological criticism in a more general sense – in which the ways in which social and economic factors affect the literary imagination are examined – has been fairly popular L C Knight's *Drama and Society in the Age of Johnson* (1937) is one of the most important examples of this latter kind of criticism, Knights other work, much of it collected in his book *Explorations* (1946), combines the strenuous evaluative criticism of the *Scrutiny* school with his sociological interests

The younger generation of critics have all been influenced, even if in spite of themselves, both by the Hulme-Eliot tradition of anti-romantic precision and the union of wit and passion and by the Richards-Leavis tradition of rigorous normative analysis, but they tend to be much less evangelical in tone than the typical representatives of either school The tone of such critics as Donald Davie, Frank Kermode and John Wain is one of quiet elucidatory description, with the quality of *interestedness* prevailing over any element of passion and propaganda Of these three, Davie has the subtlest mind, Kermode the widest range, Wain the most common sense We are no longer in an age of critical adventurousness subtlety, catholicity and moderation are the critical virtues now most in favour

Aranyaka[1]

Suniti Kumar Chatterji

Bibhuti Bhushan Banerji's *Aranyaka* is one of the great little books in Bengali and Indian literature, and for the matter of that in any literature It is a lyric, in prose, of the Forest, – and on the background of the virgin Forest which is being extirpated to accommodate the growing tribes of the sons of men, the author has brought in his sympathetic and convincingly true picture of Man in the environment of the Forest and of the primitive village It is thus a poem which deals both with Nature and with Man, and presents a most attarctive picture of both, based on knowledge as well as sympathy

Bibhuti Bhushan Banerji is well known in Bengal iliterature as one who has given expression to the village life of lower Bengal, nestling in the bosom of Nature which is always fecund and which is always varied Lovers of Nature are not uncommon at the present day, particularly when through an advancing civilisation which is encroaching everywhere upon the sacred precincts of Mother Nature, we are losing our vital and intimate touch with the trees and forests, with open fields and hills, and streams and rivers in their silvan setting We feel attracted to Nature because we want relief from the stifling atmosphere of the big towns So far, this is a quite common and understandable trait in the mental make up of the modern man

But over and above this, there is something in Bibhuti Bhushan Banerji's writings which goes to the deep of our mind and wakes us up and makes us feel a sort of a vague realisation of the spirit of Nature within ourselves He is not only a lover of trees and plants, of flowers and fruits, herbs and roots, and also of wild life, but, he is also an observer of them, – not as a Botanist with his scissors and his microscope, but as a practical human

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[1] The original preface specially written for the translations in other Indian languages, to be published by Sahitya Akademi, of *Aranyaka*, a famous Bengali novel by Bibhuti Bhushan Bandopadhyaya The Punjabi and Malayalam translations are already published —*Ed*

being for whom the leaves and twigs, flowers and fruits and the trees and plants themselves have a message, and they also have a name and an individuality for him His enthusiasm for the forest and the trees is contagious, and his readers rise exhilarated after a perusal of one of the great books he has written, with their inimitable natural background or setting

There is very little narrative or story in this book It is the experiences of a highly cultured young Bengali graduate who was a teacher in a school and was out of job and down and out in the inhospitable city of Calcutta A lucky chance made him meet an old college friend who had known him and had admired him for his literary sensibility, and this brought him to take up the office of a landholder's agent in a jungle tract which was owned by this landholder, to open up a forest-covered area to peasants for grazing and cultivation The hero of the story who narrates his own experiences finds himself on the outskirts of a virgin forest in Northern Bihar where it adjoins West Bengal, and he, in the process of bringing the jungle under cultivation by establishing tenants who were to tame the land by cutting or burning the trees and starting cultivation or procuring forest produce for export into distant towns or for grazing cattle in the lush grassy undergrowth by the hill-sides, was responsible for the diasppearance of a large area of the very forest which he had learnt to love

There is an undercurrent of a sense of tragedy, which the author makes us also feel and share with him, at this large-scale arboricide But he has through the 283 pages of his book given us wonderful word-pictures of a virgin forest in all its glory and beauty, in its graciousness and tenderness as well as in its bleakness and terror The land-hungry people, who come to him as the representative of the big landlord living in far away Calcutta, are poor and humble to the extreme But nevertheless in the midst of their abject poverty there is a philosophy of life which they have acquired and which makes poverty and suffering and even chronic starvation lose its sting by their ability to make the best of a seemingly hopeless economic situation The various characters who gathered round him, whether the

employees of the landlord who were to help him in settling the land to the new tenants or these prospective tenants themselves, or other persons in the humbler wakes of life who formed the inevitable entourage of expanding forest settlements cutting out big slices of forest territory for cultivation and village building, are painted with a remarkable insight into character and with a sincere and convinced love of Man as Man

The various characters which have come before our ken in the course of his narration are each of them living individuals, and generally, as they were far from cities, they have in them the simplicity and the honesty of primitive Man Each of these various characters forms an addition to the Gallery of Men and Women in India living by the countryside and the outskirts or the middle of the jungle Raju Pande, the simple old Brahman whose sole joy in life was to read Tulasidas's *Ramayana*, the boy Dhaturia who was a real artist in the art of the dance, the widow Kunta who showed a wonderful courage and spirit of service in her miserably poor environment, Jugal Prasad who was a true botanist loving beautiful flowers and strange plants, the orphaned daughter of the Bengali doctor in a Bihar village, who through her environment had virtually become a peasant girl condemned by poverty and force of circumstances to a life of drudgery with no hope of a fuller life which she dimly sensed, the school master Ganori Tewari who was moving from settlement to settlement to start an elementary school, the poet in a Bihar village who could write chaste and grammatical Hindi for which he was complimented by the editor of a local Hindi paper, his simple ways and his charming and equally simple wife, the village money-lender and bully living in the midst of barbaric opulence which had nothing atractive about it — quite an unlovable character, the Sepoy, Muneswar Singh, Mukutnath Pandit who was ever anxious to have a Sanskrit school to train up a few boys in the sacred tongue, the old aboriginal chief Dobru Panna who had a real kingly dignity about him, and his great grandchild the young aboriginal girl Bhanumati who has been painted by the author with such supreme sympathy and understanding, and for whom every reader will be affected by the feeling of romance which the author has woven round her

and will have a pang in his heart thinking of her – all these characters make a picture gallery of living portraits which are as true as are the trees and leaves and flowers and hill streams and the tall grasses and the blue sky among which they live

Tradition in Indian literature is an age-old one, and from the Veda downwards there has been a continuous carrying on of the Indian *Weltanschauung* or Attitude towards the Interpretation of the World around Bibhuti Bhushan's *Aranyaka* fits in very well with that beautiful hymn to the Spirit of the Forests – Aranyani – which we find in the 10th Book of the *Rig Veda* – the 146th *Sukta* composed by Devamuni, the son of Irammada It is a picture of a primitive village of the Vedic period established beside the primeval forest, and the chirping of the birds and the shadows of the trees, the sound of the axes felling trees and the mystery and the romance of the forest which are touched upon in that hymn have their echoes, all of them, in the *Aranyaka* of Bibhuti Bhushan Banerji The Poet of the Vedas ends with this prayer

anjana-gandhim surabhim bahvannam akrshibalam
pra aham mrganam mataram Aranyanim asamsisham

"I praise Aranyani, the Goddess of the Forest, who
is smelling of unguents, who is fragrant, and who
gives plenty of food although she is never cultivated,
and who is also the Mother of wild animals"

The Indian Man fell in love with the environment in which he found himself – the primeval forests of India There is plenty of it in the Vedas The *Prthvi-Sukta* of the *Atharva-Veda* is redolent with a love of the Earth as the sustainer of all through her produce in forest lands and in tilth. The *Mahabharata* has in large portions of it the forest as its background So, too, the *Ramayana* – it is a great epic of both heroic Man and of the eternal Virgin Forest of ancient days In that highly sophisticated Sanskrit romance of Bana-bhatta, the *Harsa-charita*, towards the end of Chapter VII this great word-painter of Indian literature gives a most vivid account of a forest settlement (*vana-*

gramakam) by the Vindhya Mountains in Central India, and the pleasure derived from reading the *Aranyaka* of the modern writer of 20th century Bengal will be made additionally intelligible by a perusal of this beautiful passage from the Sanskrit writer of North India of the 7th century

Nature and its place in Indian literature would be a subject of great interest for those who find pleasure in the study of Man in his natural surroundings which belong to Mother Earth It seems that the Indian Man always considered himself as closer to Nature than Man in many other parts of the world This is found amply illustrated in early Indian art, and in Indian literature through the ages Contrasted with India, her neighbour China very early developed a sense of detachment from Nature and a sophisticated, and, it is to be conceded, a highly cultured attitude towards Nature which we would consider as characteristic of the Modern Man This attitude is now becoming, through the development of introspection and the segregation of the forest from the abodes of Man gathered in cities, quite the normal attitude for the present-day Men and Women Bibhuti Bhushan Banerji's *Aranyaka* represents a blend of the two trends — he is profoundly within the folds of Nature — indeed, almost a part of it, and at the same time he is able to detach himself from Nature and be able to contemplate her beauty, her grandeur and her all-enveloping aspects, and yet remain unaffected by it His attitude towards Nature, as said before, is one of profound sadness at Nature, and the Forest as part of it, being made to yield before the all-devouring needs of Man While leaving the scenes of his labours, in the course of which he transformed the face of the earth by establishing growing settlements of Man where the primeval jungle alone reigned supreme, he muses within himself in this way

> "Passing the boundary of Narha Baihar, I lifted my face and turned back once again and looked at the scene
>
> "There were many new houses, thatched roofs joining each other There was the talk of men, the shrill laughter of children and their shouts, and cows, buffaloes and

corn-bins Within the last six or seven years it was I who had established this laughter-lit, corn-filled village, cutting through the deep jungle They were all of them talking about it yesterday 'Sir, even we all have become struck with wonder at seeing your work – what Narha Labtulia was, and what it has now been transformed into'

"I am also thinking of what Narha Labtulia was, and what it has become now.

"From afar I made my obeisance to the Hill of Mahali-Kharup and the forest of Mohanpura which join the horizon line

"Primitive Gods of the Forest, pardon me, pardon Farewell."

Apart from its value as creative literature of a very high type, bringing before us the Spirit of the Forest and of the village settlements, and making us love both Nature and Man, the work has also the other importance of being a true document of the kaleidoscope of Man in one of his most characteristic situations – Man who brings Nature to his service and changes the face of the Earth to meet his own needs As a fresh and true picture of one phase of life in a corner of Bihar adjoining Bengal, where Nature was slowly receding before the inevitable onslaught of Man, this book will remain unique, a priceless record to please and to move the minds of men.

It is hoped that readers of the various languages in India will by means of the translations initiated by Sahitya Akademi will be enabled to read this great literary creation, which, as in the case of the present writer, they will not be able to leave alone after they have once read it.

Walt Whitman: Passage to India

Gay Wilson Allen

At the time of Walt Whitman's birth on May 31, 1819, the United States had been an independent nation for less than half a century, and American literature was still colonial in spirit and substance Already a faint cry for nationality in art and letters could be heard, and before long it would rise to a mighty chorus The circumstances of Whitman's birth would seem, on the surface, to be unpropitious for a future poet, though actually both the time and place were right The place was a little farming community, at West Hills, on Long Island, about thirty miles from New York City

For several generations the Whitmans had been farmers, but Walt's father, for whom he was named Walter, was a carpenter His genial mother, Louisa Van Velsor, was the daughter of a Dutch farmer on the Island Neither had much education, but Walter Senior had known the notorious Deist Thomas Paine, subscribed to radical socialist newspapers, and was a friend of the schismatic Quaker, Elias Hicks Walt was the second of nine children, whom the father had difficulty in supporting

In 1823 the Whitman family moved to Brooklyn, where Walt attended public school until his twelfth year, then learned the printing trade and worked in various printing offices in Brooklyn and New York Between 1836 and 1841 he taught rural schools on Long Island, edited a small-town newspaper, took an active interest in politics, and began writing sentimental stories and poems At the age of twenty-three he edited for a short time a daily paper in New York, but he was too conscientious and independent to prosper in the corrupt journalistic profession of the epoch before the great Civil War over slavery Between 1846 and 1848 he edited the Brooklyn 'Eagle,' one of the better newspapers of the period, but once more he lost his position because of his editorials against the extension of slavery into the newly settled territories of the West After a trip to New Orleans in 1848, where he worked for less than three months on another newspaper, the 'Crescent,' he returned to

Brooklyn and founded a 'free soil' paper called the 'Freeman,' but had to give it up the following year because of insufficient financial and political support

Now thoroughly discouraged with journalism, Whitman turned to building houses and speculating in real estate, and was beginning to acquire money and property when he decided to give it up for a literary career For several decades the growing nation had been calling for a new, more native and independent art and literature, less dependent on European models and more representative of American life, geography, and political democracy Whitman felt himself capable of answering the call, and he also saw in the rôle of such a poet the chance to exert the moral leadership which he had found impossible in political journalism

The 1855 *Leaves of Grass* contained a long preface, arranged as prose but much of it as rhythmical and poetical in language as the twelve poems that followed, in which Whitman set forth his theory of the poet needed in America He regarded poetry as less an art than a way of life "The United States themselves," he declared, "are essentially the greatest poem" The new bard must be "commensurate with a people" He must so live that his "very flesh shall be a great poem," for "All beauty comes from a beautiful blood and a beautiful brain" The form of the verse was to be 'organic,' the internal growth shaping the external representation

From this time until his death Whitman strove relentlessly to make his life into a poem Most of his countrymen misunderstood, for they regarded money-making and material achievements as the highest good Probably the poet himself did not foresee the poverty, self-denial, and at times almost infamy which his new way of life would entail In fact, he was disappointed that his first edition did not sell, but it was praised by Emerson, and he issued a second edition the following year, which also attracted little attention

Whitman was misunderstood because he tried to symbolize his

ideals of freedom, equality, innocence, 'unflagging pregnancy of nature,' and complete unity of mind and body by metaphorical reference to his own large, ruddy physique, careless gestures, and unconventional manners Purified by his childlike delight in God's creation, he declared that he made holy whatever he touched Edith Sitwell has compared him to Blake, calling both poets 'men of God'

> Both these men of God, to whom *Man has no Body distinct from his Soul* were born at the time when their characteristics were most needed Blake at a time when the eighteenth-century materialism, watered down, was freezing poetry, was born to prove that
>
> If the doors of perception were cleansed everything
> would appear to man as it is, infinite,
> For man has closed himself up, till he sees all things
> thro narrow chinks of his cavern
>
> Whitman was born, after a time of vague misty abstractions, to lead poetry back to the 'divine, original concrete'

But there is also a difference "Blake could not forgive the Fool, or believe that he could enter Heaven Whitman, however, could not believe that anyone was excluded And he believed it to be the mission of the great poet to lead men back from the delusion of Hell" With obvious approval Miss Sitwell says that, "To Whitman, poetry was religion" And, "What he saw was, that 'Even in religious fervour there is a touch of animal heat'" It was the 'animal heat,' to which his contemporaries most objected

The 'animal heat,' indeed, is still a paradox, for Whitman stressed it both to combat the prudery of his time and to illustrate the fecundity and generative power of nature; *Leaves of Grass* is filled with fertility symbols, from fish eggs and sprouting grass to the 'journey-work of the stars' The paradoxes multiply as one studies Whitman's poems he is the poet of sensuous delights, but these are merely openings to eternity He

celebrates the magnitude and natural wealth of his native land, but "The largeness of nature were monstrous without a corresponding largeness and generosity of the spirit of the citizen" In fact, the highest function of the poet is to indicate for his readers 'the path between reality and their souls' To give one more paradox, Whitman has finally been recognized by literary historians as *the* 'poet of American democracy,' which was a rôle he embraced with enthusiasm, but his finest poems are concerned above all else with the ageless cycles of existence, the journey of the soul through birth, life, death, and rebirth

I fly the flight of the fluid and swallowing soul,
My course runs below the soundings of plummets

Through his imagery and organic rhythms he achieved a remarkable space-empathy, but the burden of his great poems, from 'Song of Myself' to 'Passage to India,' is the transcending of time and space

In the late 1840's the United States acquired new territories in the regions of Oregon and California and became in fact a continental nation. These events, which aroused Whitman deeply, made him space-conscious, with the result that much of the imagery of *Leaves of Grass* is panoramic, flowing, montaged The study of astronomy also stretched Whitman's imagination, and toward the end of 'Song of Myself' the 'I' sails through interstellar space and speeds with comets. But, like Keats, Whitman transcends space by transmuting it into art, which defies time, as in 'Crossing Brooklyn Ferry' Thus he both embraces and annihilates time As an American he uses his finite experience to build on the accumulated wisdom of past civilizations, and as a poet he can intuit the future and by the embodiment of his vision in words hasten its birth. This is his supreme transcending of time

Whitman's life was no less paradoxical than his poetry Dressing always after 1855 in the rough clothes of workmen and scorning the manners of polite society, he nevertheless enjoyed attending the opera, reading Shakespeare, Homer, and Epictetus, and led

an ascetic existence, almost that of a saint During the Civil War he went down to the battle-field in Virginia to find his wounded brother, George, and stayed on in Washington to minister to the sick and wounded soldiers Always longing for a 'perfect comrade,' whom he never found for very long, he seemed capable of loving everyone, and hundreds of grateful soldiers never forgot him

Before going to Washington, Whitman had managed to publish three editions of *Leaves of Grass* The third was issued in 1860 by a reputable commercial publisher, Thayer and Eldridge, in Boston, but the outbreak of the war forced the firm into bankruptcy After the war Whitman supported himself with modest government clerkships in Washington, and by self-denial – for he also supported his mother and mentally defective younger brother Edward – he was able to print at his own expense successive revised and expanded editions of *Leaves of Grass*

In 1873 the poet who had made his own physical strength and vitality a symbol of spiritual health was stricken by paralysis, from which he never entirely recovered Though for two or three years greatly depressed, he regained his faith and continued to write poems and publish *Leaves of Grass* In 1881 James Osgood, a well-established publisher in Boston, brought out a fine edition, but Whitman's bad luck with Boston held When someone threatened criminal prosecution unless several poems on sex themes were withdrawn, and Whitman refused to withdraw them, the contract was cancelled by mutual agreement

Whitman's last years were spent in his modest little cottage on Mickle Street, in Camden, New Jersey There the white-haired poet, looking like a prophet of the Old Testament, received the frequent visitors who came to pay him homage, especially from England, where he had won some loyal and distinguished admirers, though he was now not without devoted friends in his own country too He died on March 27, 1892, after a long illness At his funeral the usual ceremony was omitted and some of his closest friends read his own 'Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking' and passages from Confucius, Gautama, the

Koran, the Christian *Bible*, Plato, and Zend-Avesta This was an appropriate tribute to a poet who owed a large debt himself to the poets, prophets, and philosophers of other lands and who was already beginning to be accepted as one of the major poets of the world Since his death his stature in world literature has grown steadily

Many of the earlier critics of Whitman found similarities between his poems and the ancient poetry of Asia, and especially India The French scholar, Gabriel Sarrazin, declared that "Walt Whitman in his confident and lofty piety is the direct inheritor of the great Oriental mystics, Brahma, Proclus, Abou Said" Edward Carpenter cited parallels between the Upanishads and *Leaves of Grass* Perhaps more revealing, Romain Rolland in *Prophets of the New India* (1930) reported that Vivekananda read *Leaves of Grass* in 1897, and called Whitman 'the Sannyasin of America' Ananda Coomaraswamy has also cited parallels between Whitman and the Buddha in *Buddha and the Gospel of Buddhism* (1916) And in 1933 Dorothy Frederica Mercer, in a Ph D dissertation accepted by the University of California, on *Leaves of Grass and the Bhagavad Gita A Comparative Study*, quoted an Indian scholar who thought that Whitman "must have studied *The Bhagavad Gita*, for in his *Leaves of Grass* one finds the teachings of Vedanta, the Song of Myself is but an echo of the sayings of Krishna"

Whether these parallels are the result of reading the Indian poems in translation (Whitman said merely that he read "the ancient Hindoo poems") or the indirect result of the pantheistic thought which the American poet derived from Emerson, Carlyle, and, still more indirectly, from German philosophy, they should at least provide stepping stones for readers of Whitman in India And it is possible that Indian critics of Whitman could bring about a greater understanding in America of Indian literature and culture In this connection it is interesting to recall that in one of his finest poems, 'Passage to India,' he envisioned the benefits to Western culture of a return to the origin (*i e*, India) of 'primal thought,'

To reason's early paradise,
Back, back to wisdom's birth, to innocent intuitions,
Again with fair creation

I hope that Walt Whitman's passage to India may become a two way cultural journey

Cat

Jivanananda Das

Again and again throughout the day
I meet a cat
In the tree's shade, in the sun, in the crowding brown leaves
After the success of a few fish bones
Or inside a skeleton of white earth
I find it, as absorbed in the purring
Of its own heart as a bee
Still it sharpens its claws on the *gulmohar* tree
And follows the sun all day long

Now I see it and then it is gone,
Losing itself somewhere
On an autumn evening I have watched it play,
Stroking the soft body of the saffron sun
With a white paw Then it caught
The darkness in paws like small balls
And scattered it all over the earth

Translated from Bengali by Lila Ray

Ibsen

M. C Bradbrook

"After Shakespeare, I unhesitatingly place Ibsen first" So said one of the great dramatists of this century, Pirandello There is no doubt that the whole European theatre of the last hundred years has been so influenced by him that he may be called its founder

In the later seventeenth and eighteenth centuries France was the centre of dramatic art, as she was the most cultivated and advanced of the Western European states But during the nineteenth century, theatrical art, which had gradually sunk to mere entertainment, was revived by several men of genius who came from lands on the fringe of European culture Ibsen, a Norwegian, Strindberg, a Swede, and Chekhov, a Russian from the Don basin are the three most important figures in this dramatic renaissance

There had been great poets who, earlier in the nineteenth century, had written for the theatre, notably Goethe, who had his own theatre at Weimer, and Victor Hugo, whose romantic plays caused riots in the French playhouses by their disregard of literary customs But Hugo, though he changed the kind of language that was used in the French theatre, did not go outside the usual romantic conventions of thought and feeling His plays depict passionate lovers, wicked rich men and noble characters in humble life, fighting, proclaiming their ideals in speeches of very great length, decked out with all the brightly coloured trappings of some past age Hugo's plays have energy and passion, but, particularly to an English audience brought up on Shakespeare, he gave little that was new

Ibsen began by writing plays of a similar kind, about the romantic early history of Norway The Norwegian theatre was modelled on the French, and when as a young man of 23, Ibsen took a theatrical post at Bergen, in the year 1851, he found himself translating and producing French farces and dramas For thirteen years, Ibsen worked as a theatrical manager, gaining a

thoroughly practical knowledge of the stage None of the plays which he wrote at this time would be remembered today if it were not for the reputation of his later work.

During his long apprenticeship to the theatre, however, Ibsen did write two plays which are still read, though seldon played, *The Vikings at Helgeland* and *The Kingmakers* In these plays, the ancient and glorious past of Norway, the heroic age of the sagas, is used to provide romantic melodrama of the kind popular all over Europe *The Vikings at Helgeland* deals with the blood feuds of a group of Vikings, and its chief character, the demonic Hjordis, is a compound of Lady Macbeth and the Valkyrie warrior-maidens of old German myth The portrayal of her devouring love, masked as hatred, and ending with the slaying of her lover, forecasts some of Ibsen's later heroines, but the play though powerful, is crude, and apart from this figure, conventional In *The Kingmakers,* the struggle between two claimants for the crown is the theme, and in both these plays power is shown in a number of forms — the power of the warrior, the power of the witch, and the power of Fate which overrides all

When in 1864, he left Norway for Italy, he soon produced the two magnificent dramatic poems, *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* These heroic and romantic tragedies are not really designed for the stage Yet, especially in *Peer Gynt*, although it is based on a fairy tale about a marvellous peasant boy there is, together with all the splendid and fantastic poetry of Peer's adventures an ironic, questioning, mocking vein of fancy, and some bitter satire of Ibsen's own countrymen, whom he detested for their narrow provincial complacency, their materialism and their religious hypocrisy Against these evils Ibsen was determined to fight They were by no means specially characteristic of the Norwegians, but were strongly marked in all the more highly industrialised countries of Europe

Ibsen wrote a number of satiric plays directed against his countrymen, but it was *A Doll's House,* written in 1879, when he was 51 years of age, that made him into the greatest and most

controversial dramatist of his age For the next twenty years, he produced a play every two years His works were staged and discussed in France and Germany, then in England

Bernard Shaw was among those who helped to make his work known in England Everywhere traditionalists denounced him as dangerous, immoral and obscure, while literary and social reformers acclaimed him

In *A Doll's House* Ibsen combined unorthodox dramatic form with ideas which had the peculiarly irritant power of being held by the few and fiercely denounced by the many Because it appeals directly to a group, which may be drawn from different levels of society, the theatre tests public opinion like a strong chemical applied to an unstable substance, and Ibsen produced an explosion In fact his plays could not be put on in public theatres, and were generally first introduced in a 'little theatre' or dramatic club In *A Doll's House,* Ibsen showed a woman who left her husband simply on the grounds that he had treated her as a doll and not as a responsible human being Ibsen in his thoughts had first called the play *A Modern Tragedy* and he said 'I meant it as a problem of human nature in general' But having chosen that inflammable topic, the emancipation of women, to illustrate everyone's need for inner responsibility and freedom, he had also flouted dramatic convention by ending his play with a question mark Nora walks out of her husband's house, and the audience is left to speculate on her future They had been used to plays which ended with a funeral (if the play were a tragedy) or a marriage (if it were a comedy), in either case, which ended with finality

Ibsen wrote about a middle class pair, a bank clerk and his wife, he brought tragedy into the petty surroundings of every-day For high tragedy is there The bare and simple prose has the concentration of poetry, though not its outward form Above all, Ibsen is a master of dramatic effect The action is itself part of the poetry, even the setting A knock at the door, candles on the festive Christmas tree, the dropping of a letter in a letter box, the wild and desperate dance in which Nora, unknown to

the other characters, but not to the audience, expresses her despair, are as important as the words which the characters speak There is a depth in Ibsen's art which can be found only in performance

In his later plays, Ibsen continued to explore, with the same concentrated skill, problems of human nature in general In *Ghosts* (1881) he gave offence by an even bolder handling of the relations between men and women, and by showing the effects of veneral disease upon a son born of a diseased father A stern and uncompromising moralist, with a constant interest in the subject of guilt and responsibility, Ibsen successfully defied the views of the majority In *An Enemy of the People* he shows the fate of such a man as himself Then in *The Wild Duck,* he appears to satirize the idealist and reformer Gregers Wehree, who comes into the home where a number of people are living in a world of happy make-believe insists on exposing all the unpleasant truths beneath the surface, but instead of bringing about a new life, he causes the death of the only completely innocent character, a little girl

This play does not simply give the other side of the case, the need to consider people first and creeds or theories afterwards It shows a group of characters, a whole family whose life is intertwined, this life is symbolized in the Wild Duck, the captive wounded bird which the little girl and her father keep in their attic among a few dusty trees In this wounded wild bird, all the complex feelings of the human characters are united in a single symbol

This power of concentrating the whole meaning of the play in a single symbol shows that Ibsen's power as a poet was still active, although he no longer wrote verse

No one would be tempted to call *The Wild Duck* a social drama It is too clearly a play of human nature in general In his subsequent plays Ibsen became more deeply concerned with the inner springs of character *Rosmersholm,* perhaps the most perfectly constructed of all his plays, shows how two people

may mutually transform each other, how the past may dominate the present, and how theory is powerless against the drive of instinct and the force of circumstance This play was followed by *Hedda Gabler*, a clear and bitter study of frustration Psychology, not sociology, gives the right approach

Then after many years Ibsen returned to Norway and in his last plays he depicts problems of inner experience, the characters are sometimes strange and demonic, gifted with psychic powers, haunted by strange dreams, the symbolic and poetic elements increase and the Norwegian scene becomes more and more important In particular, the sea and the mountain tops seem often to represent the contact betwen human lives and some greater power in the universe, which Ibsen divined but refused to discuss

But while these later plays may be of the greatest interest to students of Ibsen the poet, it is the great series from *A Doll's House* to *Hedda Gabler* which altered and to a large extent determined the courses of European drama for succeeding generations of writers and playgoers

Maiden's Song

Boatmen's oars move in the river,
The pestle pounds the grain,
My heart aches in passion,
Since I am born a woman
When yonder you blow the pipe,
And your fingers pass over the tune,
My eyes I cast for a passing glance,
Outside the gate;
My hands quiver, the shuttle drops,
Though I sit beside my loom

Assamese folk-song translated by B K. Barua

Thucydides

Rex Warner

The war (431-404 B C) between the Greek city states of Athens and Sparta, with allies and dependents on each side, was not by modern quantitative standards a 'great' war Yet greatness or importance cannot be assessed by quantitative standards alone, and most readers of Thucydides will agree with the historian's own view, expressed in his first paragraph, that this war was of very great importance indeed It was "the greatest disturbance in the history of the Hellenes, affecting also a large part of the non-Hellenic world, and indeed, I might almost say, the whole of mankind"

It has affected the whole of mankind in several ways Most obviously it marks the beginning of the end of what is perhaps the most brilliant period in the history of the world, and certainly the most brilliant in the history of the western world In the 6th and 5th centuries B C the Greek city states of Ionia, the mainland, Italy and Sicily accomplished the most astounding revolution in thought, manners and expression of which we have any record The foundations were laid of science and philosophy, drama was invented, politics, like everything else, became a subject for rational scrutiny, and the only real democracy that has ever existed was established in Athens It is difficult indeed to explain these amazingly rapid and complete achievements, but it is impossible not to connect them with the political structure and political dynamism of the individual Greek city states It is to be noted that when, in the period of Alexander the Great, these states lost their real independence and vitality, the period of invention ends There are no more dramatists of the stature of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides and Aristophanes Even the great philosophers, Plato and Aristotle, though writing in a world where the city state has become obsolete still think within its terms The appropriate philosophies for the new world, in which the individual counted for so much less than before, are Stoicism and Epicureanism, both of which, from the stand-point of the 5th century, are philosophies of despair

But Thucydides himself was, of course, unaware of the more remote future He himself has 'affected the whole of mankind' by his close passionate analysis of his own days, the days of Athenian greatness and decline He studies man as a political being and the state as a political organism Seldom or never has such a study (here made for the first time in history) been so thorough, so unswervingly honest and so deeply serious He rightly prides himself on a scrupulous accuracy in describing facts, but he uses this accuracy not as a mere chronicler but as a tragic poet He is as acutely aware of the moral factors in the struggle as he is of the sizes of armaments and the dispositions of forces

He was himself well placed both to understand and to record When the war broke out he was a young man of about twenty and he probably took part in some of the early actions We know that at some time between 430 and 427 he caught the plague and was one of those who recovered from it In 424 he received a naval command and was sent out to Thrace where his family had interests in the mining area With his small squadron of ships he failed to save the important Athenian colony of Amphipolis from the extremely able Spartan commander Brasidas, and as a result was sent into exile by his fellow citizens He did not return to Athens for twenty years, and four years after his return he died He had intended to write the history of the war till its end in 404 As it is the history ends in the winter of 411

The history is, on the whole, self-explanatory and can be understood and enjoyed without the aid of copious notes With some facts of Greek history, however, Thucydides would assume his audience to be familiar and it may be of help to a modern reader briefly to recall the most important of these We must remember, for example, that Athens and Sparta represent not only opposed states but opposite principles of living This opposition is admirably expressed in the speech of the Corinthians at Sparta (Book I) and it is emphasised throughout the whole history Sparta was a land power, organised on a most peculiar basis The Spartans were a minority in their own

territory and they kept their dominant position because they were organised above all things for war They were a military caste and, because of their proficiency in the field, had been used to consider themselves as the leaders of Hellas During the Persian invasion in the first quarter of the 5th century the Greeks naturally looked to Sparta to supply both commanders-in-chief and the nucleus of a defending army Yet by the middle of the 5th century all this had changed Against Persia it was Athens who had made the greatest sacrifices and who had scored the most spectacular successes Moreover, when the Great King's armies had retreated, the war was continued under Athenian and not under Spartan leadership The sea power of Athens grew and grew, while the land power of Sparta remained static The 'allies' of Athens (islands and maritime towns) soon became dependents or subjects Democracies, more or less on the Athenian model, were encouraged in these states, but the mother-democracy of Athens had become an imperialist power and used the contributions of her allies to strengthen and to beautify herself The rest of the Greeks became alarmed and many of them, out of fear of Athens, turned to Sparta as a liberator A strange situation since, apart from her imperialism, Athens was the embodiment of freedom and initiative, while Sparta, with all the merits of an ingrained discipline, had indeed a dead hand

As in many other wars, real principles were at stake, but they were, as often, extremely difficult to disentangle Athens was certainly acquisitive and, with all her tremendous achievements, could be represented as 'the tyrant city' Yet when we read the words of Pericles' Funeral Speech we shall find it hard not to sympathise with the enthusiasm which Pericles and, certainly, Thucydides, felt for an ideal which seems to transcend such words as 'tyranny'

The Athens of Pericles and of the dreams of the young Thucydides disappeared in this destructive war And in the course of the war the ideals, on both sides, became horribly distorted Wars have destroyed much in our own times But no historian has ever given a fuller and more convincing account of the

tragedy of war, the appalling consequences of the breakdown of law and order, the errors and exaggerations that are forced on men when a certain train of events has been allowed to start

Thucydides aimed, he tells us, at giving posterity a 'possession for ever' and hoped that his work would be 'judged useful' by those in the future who wished to understand the ways in which, under certain circumstances, men are likely to behave That he has given us a 'possession for ever' is indisputable, his work is supreme both as history and as art, and he will certainly be 'judged useful' by all who believe it possible to learn from experience

Ai basa Hindu o Turki hamzaban,
Ai basa do Turk chun beganagan
Pas zaban e hamdili khud digarast,
Hamdili az hamzabani bihtarast

RUMI (MASNAVI, BOOK I)

One often finds a Hindu and a Turk in intimate converse
And often sees two Turks behave as strangers,
Thus the heart has a language all its own
And the community of heart is deeper than that of speech.

Translated from Persian by Abid Hussian

Kalu Bhangi

Krishan Chander

I have often wanted to write about Kalu Bhangi, but what *can* one write about him? I have looked at his life from all sorts of angles and tried to assess and understand it, but I could never find anything out of the ordinary on which I could base a story, or even a plain, uninteresting, photographic sketch of him And yet, I don't know why, every time I start to write a story I see Kalu Bhangi standing there in my imagination He smiles at me and asks "Chote Sahib, won't you write a story about *me*? How many years is it since you started writing?"
"Eight years"
"And how many stories have you written?"
"Sixty – sixty-two Sixty-two"
"Then what's wrong? Can't you write one about me, Chote Sahib? Look how long I've waited for you to write about me I have been a good servant to you all these years – your old sweeper Kalu Bhangi *Why* can't you write about me?"

There is nothing I can say in reply His life has been so dull and uninteresting that there is simply nothing I can write about it It's not that I don't want to write about him, for ages I've really wanted to write about him, but I could never do it, try as I might And so today too, Kalu Bhangi is standing there in the corner of my mind, holding his old broom, with his big bare knees, his rough, cracked, ungainly feet, his varicose veins standing out on his dried-up legs, his hip-bones sticking out, his hungry belly, his dry, creased, black skin, the dusty hair on his sunken chest, his wizened lips, wide nostrils, wrinkled cheeks, and bald head shining above the dark hollows of his eyes Many characters have told me their life stories, asserted their importance, impressed upon me their dramatic quality, and disappeared Beautiful women, attractive fancies, loathsome faces – all of these I have painted, all have left their impression and faded away But Kalu Bhangi is in his old place, standing there in just the same way, holding his old broom He has seen every character that has come into my mind, watched them weeping and beseeching, loving and hating, sleeping and walking, laugh-

ing, making speeches – seen them in every aspect of life, on every level, at every stage from childhood to old age and from old age to death He has seen every stranger who has peeped through the door, and, seeing that they were coming in, swept their path before them, himself moved to one side, as a sweeper should, and stood respectfully by until the story has begun to be written, until it has ended, until both characters and spectators have taken their leave But even then Kalu Bhangi has gone on standing there and now he has simply taken a step forward and come into the centre of my imagination, so that I may see him clearly His bald pate is shining and an unspoken question is on his lips I have been looking at him a long time, and I just can't think what I can write about him But today this apparition is not to be put off Year after year I have fobbed him off This time perhaps I can get rid of him

I was only seven years old when I first saw Kalu Bhangi Twenty years later when he died he looked exactly the same. Not the slightest change The same knees, same feet, same complexion, same face, same bald head, same broken teeth, same broom His broom always looked as though he had been born with it in his hand, as though it were a part of him Every day he used to empty the patients' commodes, sprinkle disinfectant in the dispensary, and then go and sweep out the doctor sahib's and the compounder sahib's bungalows after which he would take the doctor sahib's cow and the compounder sahib's goat out to graze Towards evening he would bring them back to the hospital, tie them up in the cattle-shed, go off to prepare his food, eat it, and go to bed I watched him at these tasks every day for twenty years – every day without fail During this whole time he was never ill for so much as a single day, which was something to wonder at – but still not so wonderful that you can write a story about it Well, I'm writing this story under pressure I've been fobbing him off for eight years, but the old man wouldn't let me alone He kept on pressing me to write a story, and that was unfair both to me and to you – to me because now I'm having to write it, and to you because you're having to read it – this in spite of the fact that there is nothing much in him to justify all this labour But what can I do? There is such a shy,

imploring sort of persistence in his silent gaze, such a mute helplessness, such a depth of feeling asking for expression, that I am compelled to go on writing, though even as I write I keep on thinking, "What *can* I write about such a life as his?" There is no facet of it which is interesting, no part of it about which there is any mystery, no angle which has anything to attract one's attention True, he's kept cropping up in my imagination continually for the last eight years, — God knows why — but I can't see what that proves, except his obstinacy Even in the days when I was writing romantic stories[1], painting scenes of silvery moonlight, when my outlook on the world was a very milk-and-watery one — even then Kalu Bhangi was standing there When I got beyond romanticism, and seeing both the beauty of life and its bestial passions, began to touch its broken strings, then too he was there When I looked down from my balcony and saw the poverty of those who give us our food and when I saw rivers of blood flowing on the soil of the Punjab and realised that we are savages, then too he was standing on the threshold of my mind, silent and mute But now I shall surely get rid of him, now he'll *have* to go, now I'm writing about him Please, listen to his dull, flat, uninteresting story, so that I can send him packing and be rid of his unclean presence If I don't write about him today and you don't read about him, he'll still be there another eight years hence — perhaps, indeed, for as long as I live

But what bothers me is the difficulty of knowing what to write Kalu Bhangi's father and mother were sweepers, and I should think that all his ancestors were sweepers too and lived in this same place for hundreds of years just like him And then Kalu Bhangi never got married, never fell in love, never travelled very far — in fact, believe it or not, he never even went out of his own village All day he would work, and at night he would sleep, and next morning get up again to busy himself with the same tasks And from his very childhood this is what he had done

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[1] The lines which follow indicate the main phases of the author's development. *Broken Strings, Givers of Food* and *We are Savages* are the titles of collections of the author's stories

Oh yes, there is one quite interesting thing about him He used to love to get some animal, a cow or buffalo for example, to lick his bald head I have often seen him at midday under the blue sky, sitting on his heels on the low earthen wall of some field near the hospital in the bright sunshine, with the green velvet carpet of the grass behind him, and a cow licking his head, again and again, until the soothing feeling has sent him off to sleep I used to feel a curious thrill of pleasure whenever I saw him sleeping like this, as though I had caught a glimpse of the drowsy, languid, all-pervading beauty of the universe In my short life I have seen the most beautiful women, the freshest flowers in bud, the world's most entrancing scenery, but – why I don t know – never in any other scene have I felt such innocence, such beauty and tranquillity, as I used to feel when I was seven years old and that field used to seem so huge and the sky so blue and clear, and Kalu Bhangi's bald head shone like glass, and the cow's tongue, gently licking his head as though to soothe him, made a dreamy rustling sound I used to feel like getting my own head shaved like his, so that I could sit beneath the cow's tongue and drop off to sleep like him In fact once I tried it out, and what a thrashing I got from my father! And Kalu Bhangi got it even worse My father thrashed him so hard that I was afraid he would be kicked to death, and cried out in alarm But he suffered no ill effects at all, and next day turned up as usual, broom in hand, to sweep our bungalow

Kalu Bhangi was very fond of animals Our cow was devoted to him, and so was the compounder sahib's goat, although goats are very fickle creatures, worse even than women But Kalu Bhangi was a special case It was he who watered them, fed them, took them to graze, and tethered them in the cattle-shed at night They could understand his every sign as well as a man understands a child On several occasions I have followed him Whether in the open or on the road, he used to let them loose, but they would still walk along beside him, suiting their pace to his, as though they were three friends out for a walk If the cow stopped to take a mouthful of green grass, the goat would stop too and begin to nibble the leaves of some bush, and as for Kalu Bhangi, he would pluck the *sanblu* and start

eating it — eating it himself and feeding it to the goat too, and talking to himself Not only to himself, talking to them too And the two animals would join in the conversation, grumbling, flapping their ears, shuffling their feet, lowering their tails, curvetting, and in all manner of ways I'm sure *I* couldn't understand what they used to talk about Then after a few moments, Kalu Bhangi would start off again, and the cow too would leave off grazing, and the goat would leave his bush and go along with him If they came to some little stream or some pretty little spring, Kalu Bhangi would sit down there and then, or rather lie down, and put his lips to the surface of the water and begin to drink, just like an animal does And the two animals would begin to drink in just the same way because after all they weren't human and didn't know how to drink from their hand

Then if Kalu Bhangi lay down on the grass, the goat too would lie down by his legs, drawing her legs in and going down on her knees as though she were saying her prayers, and the cow would sit down near him with such an air that you would think she were his wife and had just finished cooking the dinner A sort of tranquil, homely air showed itself in every expression which passed over her face and when she began to chew the cud she looked to me for all the world like some capable housewife settling down to her crotchet or to knitting Kalu Bhangi a pullover

Besides this cow and goat there was a lame dog with whom Kalu Bhangi was very friendly Because of his lameness he couldn't roam about much with other dogs and would usually get the worst of it in a fight He was always hungry and always getting hurt Kalu Bhangi was always busy tending his wounds and generally dancing attendance upon him — bathing him in soap and water or getting the ticks out of his coat, or putting ointment on his wounds, or feeding him on bits of dried maize bread But the dog was a very selfish creature He'd only show up twice a day, once at midday and once in the evening, when he would eat his meal, get his wounds dressed, and be off again His visits were always very brief and would absorb all Kalu Bhangi's attention I didn't like the animal at all, but Kalu

Bhangi always received him with great affection

Moreover, Kalu Bhangi knew every living creature of the forest. If he saw an insect at his feet he would pick it up and put it on a bush He would answer the mongoose with its own cry He knew the call of every bird – the partridge, the wood-pigeon, the parrakeet, the sparrow, and many more In this respect he was more learned than Rahul Sankrityayan[1] and, at any rate to a seven-year-old like myself, the superior even of my own parents

He used to roast corn on the cob beautifully, parching it carefully over a low fire so that every grain would gleam like gold and taste like honey and smell as fragrant and sweet as the fragrance of earth itself He would roast the cob slowly, calmly, expertly, looking at it repeatedly on every side as though he had known that particular cob for years, he would talk to it like a friend, treat it as gently and kindly and affectionately as though it were some kinsman, as though it were his own brother Of course other people used to roast cobs, but who could compare with him? Their cobs used to be so half-baked, so tasteless, so altogether ordinary, that they scarcely deserved the name And yet the self-same cob in Kalu Bhangi's hands became completely transformed, and would come off the fire like a new bride gleaming with gold in her wedding dress I think that the cob itself would get an inkling of the great love which Kalu Bhangi bore it, otherwise where could a lifeless thing acquire such charm? I used to thoroughly enjoy the cobs which he prepared, and would eat them secretly with great delight Once I was caught and got a real good thrashing So did Kalu Bhangi, poor fellow but the next day there he was at our bungalow as usual

Well, that's all, there's nothing else of interest to be said about him that I can recollect I grew up from boyhood to youth and Kalu Bhangi stayed just the same Now he was of less interest to me, in fact you may say of no interest at all True, his character occasionally attracted my attention Those were

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[1] A celebrated Indian scholar of Sanskrit and Pali

the days when I had just begun to write, and to help my study of character I would sometimes question him, keeping a fountain-pen and pad by me to take notes

"Kalu Bhangi, is there anything special about your life?"
"How do you mean, Chote Sahib?"
"Anything special, out of ordinary, unusual?"
"No, Chote Sahib"

(A blank so far Well, never mind Let's persevere Perhaps something may emerge)

"Alright, tell me then, what do you do with your pay?"
"What do I do with my pay?" He would think "I get eight rupees[1] I spend four rupees on *ata*[2], one rupee on salt, — one rupee on tobacco, — eight annas on tea — four annas on molasses — four annas on spices How much is that, Chote Sahib?"
"Seven rupees"
"Yes, seven rupees And every month I pay the money-lender one rupee I borrow the money from him to get my clothes made, don't I? I need two sets a year, a blanket I've already got, but still, I need two lots of clothes, don't I? And Chote Sahib, if the Bare Sahib[3] would raise my pay to nine rupees, I'd really be in clover"
"How so?"
"I'd get a rupee's worth of *ghi*[4] and make maize *parathas*[5] I'd never had maize *parathas*, master I'd love to try them"

Now, I ask you, how can I write a story about his eight rupees?

Then when I got married, when the nights seemed starry and full of joy, and the fragrance of honey and musk and the wild rose came in from the nearby jungle, and you could see the

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[1] 8 rupees a month A rupee is about 1sh 6d An anna is roughly 1d
[2] *Ata* Coarse flour
[3] Big Master — the doctor
[4] *Ghi* clarified butter
[5] A sort of pancake made of flour and fried in clarified butter

deer leaping and the stars seemed to bend down and whisper in your ear, and someone's full lips would begin to tremble at the thought of kisses to come – then too I would want to write something about Kalu Bhangi, and I would take a pencil and paper and go and look for him.

"Kalu Bhangi, haven't you got married?"
"No, Chote Sahib."
"Why?"
"I'm the only sweeper in this district, Chote Sahib. There's no other for miles around. So how *could* I get married?"[1]

Another blind alley. I tried again.

"And don't you wish you could have done?" I hoped this might lead to something.
"Done, what, Sahib?"
"Don't you *want* to be in love with somebody? Perhaps you've been in love with some one and that's why you don't marry?"
"What do you mean? – been in love with some one, Chote Sahib?"
"Well, people fall in love with women."
"Fall in love, Chote Sahib? They get married, and maybe big people fall in love too, but I've never heard of anyone like me falling in love. And as for not getting married, well I've told you why I never got married. How *could* I get married?"

(How could I answer that?)

"Don't you feel sorry, Kalu Bhangi?"
"What about, Chote Sahib?"

After that I gave up, and abandoned the idea of writing about him. Eight years ago Kalu Bhangi died. He who had never been ill suddenly fell so seriously ill that he never rose from his sick bed again. He was admitted to the hospital and put in a

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[1] He could only marry another untouchable.

ward on his own The compounder would stand as far away as he could when he administered his medicine An orderly would put his food inside the room and come away He would clean his own dishes, make his own bed, and dispose of his own stools. And when he died the police saw to the disposal of his body, because he left no heir He had been with us for twenty years, but of course he was not related to us And so his last pay-packet too went to the government because there was no one to inherit it Even on the day he died nothing out of the ordinary happened, the hospital opened, the doctor wrote his prescriptions, the compounder made them up, the patients received their medicine and returned home — a day just like any other day And just like any other day the hospital closed and we all went home, took our meals in peace, listened to the radio, got into bed and went to sleep When we got up next morning we heard the police had kindly disposed of Kalu Bhangi's body, whereupon the doctor sahib's cow and the compounder sahib's goat would neither eat nor drink for two days, but stood outside the ward lowing and bleating uselessly Well, animals are like that, aren't they?

What! You here again with your broom? Well? What do you want? Kalu Bhangi is still standing there

Come now! I've written down everything about you, haven't I? What are you still standing there for? Why do you still pester me? For God's sake go away! Have I forgotten anything? Have I missed anything out? Your name Kalu Bhangi, Occupation sweeper Never left this district Never married Never been in love No momentous events in your life Nothing to thrill you — as your beloved's lips, or the kisses of your child, or the poems of Ghalib[1] thrill you An absolutely uneventful life What *can* I write? What else *can* I write? Pay eight rupees Four rupees *ata*, four annas spices, one rupee salt, one rupee tobacco, eight annas tea, four annas molasses That's seven rupees And one rupee for the money-lender, eight But eight

[1] Ghalib was a celebrated Urdu Poet of the 19th Century

rupees don't make a story These days even people earning twenty, fifty, even a hundred rupees aren't interesting enough to write stories about, so it's quite certain that you can't write about someone who only earns eight So what can I write about you? Now take Khilji He's the compounder at the hospital He gets thirty-two rupees a month He was born in a lower middle class family and his parents gave him a fair education up to middle[1], then he passed the qualifying examination to be a compounder He is young and full of life, with all that that implies He can wear a clean white shalwar[2], have his shirt starched, use brilliantine on his hair and keep it well combed The government provides him with quarters, like a little bungalow If the doctor makes a slip he can pocket the fees, and he can make love to the good-looking patients Remember that business about Nuran? Nuran came from Bhita A silly young creature of about sixteen to seventeen She'd be sure to catch your eyes even if she were four miles away, like a cinema poster She was a complete fool She had accepted the attentions of two young men of her village When the headman's son was with her she was his And when the patwari's[3] boy turned up she would feel attracted to him And she couldn't decide between them Generally people think of love as being a very clear-cut, certain, definite thing, but the fact is that it is usually a very unstable, vacillating, uncertain sort of condition You feel that you love one person and also another person, or perhaps no one at all And even if you are in love, it's such a temporary, fickle, passing feeling, that no sooner is the object of your affection out of sight than it evaporates

Your feeling is quite sincere, but it doesn't last And that's why Nuran couldn't make up her mind Her heart throbbed for the headman's son, and yet she no sooner looked into the eyes of the patwari's boy than her heart would begin to beat fast and

[1] Middle, i e , elementary education such as an English child receives to the age of 14

[2] Shalwar Baggy white trousers, gathered at the ankles

[3] Patwari the village official responsible for keeping the records relating to land tenure etc

she would feel as though she were alone in a little boat in the midst of a vast ocean, and rolling waves on all sides, holding a fragile oar in her hand, and the boat would begin to rock, and go on gently rocking, and she would grab the fragile oar with her fragile hands just as it was slipping from her grasp, and gently catch her breath, and slowly lower her eyes, and let her hair fall in disorder, and the sea would seem to whirl around her, and ever-widening circles would spread over its surface and a deathly stillness would descend on all sides and her heart in alarm would suddenly stop beating, and then someone would hold her tight in his arms. Ah! when she gazed at the patwari's boy that was just how she felt. And she just couldn't decide between the two. Headman's son, patwari's son ... patwari's son, headman's son ... She had pledged herself to both of them, promised to marry both of them, was dying of love for both of them. The result was that they fought each other till the blood streamed down, and when enough young blood had been let, they got angry with themselves for being such fools. And first of all the headman's son arrived on the scene with a knife and tried to kill Nuran, and she was wounded in the arm. And then the patwari's boy came, determined to take her life, and she was wounded in the foot. But she survived because she was taken to hospital in time and got proper treatment. Well, even hospital people are human. Beauty affects the heart — like an injection. The effect may be slight or it may be considerable, but there will certainly be some effect. In this case the effect on the doctor was slight, on the compounder it was considerable. Khilji gave himself up heart and soul to looking after Nuran. Exactly the same thing had happened before. Before Nuran it had been Beguman, and before her, Reshman, and before her, Janaki. But these were Khilji's unsuccessful love affairs, because these were all three married women. In fact Reshman was the mother of a child too. Yes, there were not only children, but parents, and husbands and the husbands' hostile glares which seemed to Khilji to pierce right into his heart, seeking to find out and explore every corner of his hidden desires. What could poor Khilji do? Circumstances had defeated him. He loved them all in turn — Beguman, and Reshman, and Janaki too. He used to give sweets to Beguman's brother every day, he used to carry

Reshman's little boy about with him all day long. Janaki was very fond of flowers, Khilji would get up and go out very early every morning, before it was properly light, and pick bunches of beautiful red poppies to bring her. He gave them the very best medicines, the very best food, and the very best of his attention But when the time came and Beguman was cured she went away with her husband weeping, and when Reshman was cured she took her son and departed And when Janaki was cured and it was time to go, she took the flowers which Khilji had given her and pressed them to her heart, and her eyes were brimming with tears as she gave her husband her hand and went off with him, until they at last disappeared beneath the crest of the hill When they reached the farthest edge of the valley, she turned and looked in Khilji's direction, and Khilji turned his face to the wall and began to weep When Reshman had left he had wept too, and when Beguman went he again wept, in the same unrestrained way, with the same sincerity, overwhelmed by the same agonized feelings. But neither Reshman, nor Beguman nor Janaki stayed for him And now, after I don't know how many years, Nuran had come, and his heart had begun to beat faster, in just the same way, and every day it throbbed for her more and more At first Nuran's condition was critical, and there was very little hope for her, but as a result of Khilji's unflagging efforts, her wounds gradually began to heal, they began to discharge less, and the bad smell went away, and the swelling subsided The lustre gradually returned to her eyes and the healthy colour to her wan face, and on the day when Khilji removed the bandages from her arm, then Nuran on a sudden impulse of gratitude threw herself into his arms and burst into tears And when the bandages were removed from her foot she put henna on her feet and hands and lamp-black on her eyelids, and arranged the long tresses of her hair And Khilji's heart leapt for joy to see her Now Nuran had given her heart to him and promised to marry him The headman's son and the patwari's son had on several occasions come to see her, and to ask her forgiveness and to promise to marry her, every time they came Nuran would take fright and begin to tremble, and look this way and that to avoid their glances; and she would not feel at ease until they had gone and Khilji would take her hand in

his And when she was quite recovered the whole village turned out to see her Thanks to the kindness of the Doctor Sahib and the Compounder Sahib, their lass was better, and her mother's and father's gratitude knew no bounds Today even the headman had come, and the patwari too, and those two conceited asses their sons, who every time they looked at Nuran felt sorry for what they had done, then Nuran went to her mother and leaning upon her, looked towards Khilji, her eyes swimming with tears and lamp-black, and without a word left for her village The whole village had come to meet her, and the headman's son and the patwari's son were following at her heels Khilji felt their steps, and more steps, and more steps — hundreds of steps passing across his breast as they went on their way taking Nuran with them, and leaving behind them a cloud of dust hanging over the road And turning his face to the wall of one of the wards he began to sob

Yes, Khilji's life was a beautiful and romantic one — Khilji, who had passed his Middle, whose pay was 32 rupees a month and and who could earn fifteen to twenty rupees over and above; Khilji who was young, who knew what it is to love, who lived in a little bungalow, read the stories of reputable authors, and wept for his love. What an interesting, and romantic, and imaginative life Khilji's was! But what can you say about Kalu Bhangi? Except the following

1 That Kalu Bhangi washed the blood and pus from Beguman's bandages
2 That Kalu Bhangi emptied Beguman's commode
3 That Kalu Bhangi cleaned Reshman's dirty bandages
4 That Kalu Bhangi used to give Reshman's boy corn-on-the-cob to eat
5 That Kalu Bhangi washed Janaki's dirty bandages and every day sprinkled disinfectant in her room, and every day towards evening closed the window of the ward and lit the wood in the fireplace so that Janaki shouldn't feel cold
6. That Kalu Bhangi for three months and ten days regularly emptied Nuran's commode

Kalu Bhangi saw Reshman departing, he saw Beguman departing, he saw Janaki departing, he saw Nuran departing But he never turned his face to the wall and wept. At first he would look a bit perplexed for a minute or two and would scratch his head And then when he couldn't account for what was going on, he would go off into the fields below the hospital and let the cow lick his bald head But I've already told you about that

Well, what more am I to write about you, Kalu Bhangi? I've said all there is to say, told all there is to tell about you If *your* pay had been thirty-two rupees, if *you'd* passed your Middle – or even failed it – if *you* had inherited a little culture, a little refinement, a little human joy and the exaltation which it brings, I'd have written something about *you* But as it is what can I write about your eight rupees? Time and again I pick up your eight rupees and study them from all angles – four rupees *ata*, one rupee salt, one rupee tobacco, eight annas tea, four annas molasses, four annas spices – that's seven, and one rupee for the money-lender – that makes eight. How can I make a story out of that, Kalu Bhangi? No, it can't be done Go away *Please* go away See, I implore you with folded hands But he still stands there, showing his dirty yellow, uneven teeth and laughing his cracked laugh

I see I can't get rid of you so easily Very well then Let me rake over the embers of my memory once more Perhaps for your benefit I'll have to come down a bit below the 32 rupees level Let's see what help I can get from Bakhtyar the orderly Bakhtyar the orderly gets fifteen rupees a month And whenever he goes out on tour with the doctor or the compounder or the vaccinator he gets double allowance and travelling expenses too Then he has some land of his own in the village, and a small house, surrounded on three sides by lofty pine trees, and with a beautiful little garden on the fourth side laid out by his wife He has sown it with all sorts of vegetables – spinach and radishes, and turnips and green chillies, and pumpkins, which are dried in the summer sun and eaten in the winter when snow falls and there are no greens to be had.

Bakhtyar's wife knows all about these things Bakhtyar has three children, and his old mother, who is always quarrelling with her daughter-in-law. Once Bakhtyar's mother quarrelled with her daughter-in-law and left home The sky was overcast with thick clouds and the bitter cold made your teeth chatter Bakhtyar's eldest boy came running to the hospital to tell him what had happened, and Bakhtyar set out there and then to bring his mother back, taking Kalu Bhangi with him They spent the whole day in the forest looking for her — Bakhtyar and Kalu Bhangi, and Bakhtyar's wife, who was now sorry for what she had done and kept on weeping and calling out to her mother-in-law The sky was overcast, and their hands and feet were getting numb with the cold, and the dry pine twigs were slippery underfoot, and then it began to rain And the rain turned to sleet and a deep stillness descended all round, as though the gate to the abyss of death had opened and sent forth line upon line of snow-fairies over the earth The snowflakes kept falling, still, silent, voiceless, and a layer of white velvet spread over valley and hill and dale

"Mother!" shouted Bakhtyar's wife at the top of her voice
"Mother!" shouted Bakhtyar
"Mother!" called Kalu Bhangi

The forest re-echoed and was quiet

Then Kalu Bhangi said, "I think she must have gone to your uncle's at Nakkar."

Four miles this side of Nakkar they found her Snow was falling, and she was making her way along falling and stumbling, panting and out of breath When Bakhtyar caught hold of her, for a moment she resisted, and then fell senseless into his arms, and Bakhtyar's wife held her up All the way back Bakhtyar and Kalu Bhangi carried her turn by turn and by the time they reached home it was pitch dark and when the children saw them coming they began to cry Kalu Bhangi withdrew to one side, and looking about him, began to scratch his head Then he quietly opened the door and came away Yes, there are

stories to be told about Bakhtyar's life too, beautiful little stories, but what more can I write about *you* Kalu Bhangi? I can certainly write something about everyone else at the hospital, but as for you – well, after all this rummaging around in my memory I'm at a loss What can I do? Go away now, for God's sake You have pestered me too much already

But I know that he won't go I shan't be able to get him out of my mind, and in all my stories he'll be standing there with his filthy broom in his hand Now I know what it is you want You want to hear the story of something which never happened, but which *could* have happened I will begin with your feet Listen You want your dirty rough feet to be washed clean, washed until all the filth has been washed away You want ointment to be rubbed on their cracks You want your bony knees to be covered with flesh, your thighs to be strong and firm, the creases on your withered belly to disappear, the dust and grime to be washed from the hair on your weak chest You want your thin lips to become full and to receive the power of speech You want someone to put lustre in your eyes, blood in your cheeks, give you clean clothes to wear, to raise the four walls of a little home about you, pretty and neat and clean, a home over which your wife will rule and in which your laughing children will run about

I cannot do what you want I know your broken teeth and your half weeping laugh I know that when you get the cow to lick your head, in your imagination you see your wife passing her fingers through your hair and stroking your head until your eyes close and your head nods and you fall asleep in her kindly embrace. And when you roast the cob for me so gently over the fire and look at me so kindly and affectionately as you give it me to eat, in your mind's eye you are seeing that little boy who is not your son, who has not yet come into the world, and while you live never will come, and yet whom you have fondled like a loving father, and held in your lap while he played, and kissed on the face, and carried about on your shoulder saying "Look! this is my son!" And when you could have none of these things, then you stood aside and scratched your head in

perplexity and all unconsciously began to count on your fingers, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight — eight rupees I know the story of what could have happened. But it didn't happen, because I am a writer, and I can fashion a new story, but not a new man For that I alone am not enough For that the writer, and his reader, and the doctor, and the compounder, and Bakhtyar and the village patwari and headman, and the shopkeeper, and the man in authority, and the politician, and the worker, and the peasant toiling in his fields, are all needed — the united efforts of every one of those thousands and millions and hundreds of millions of people On my own I am powerless, I can't do anything Until all of us join hands to help one another, this task cannot be carried out, and you will go on standing there on the threshold of my mind, just the same with your broom in your hand, and I shall not be able to write a really great story, in which the splendour of the complete happiness of the human spirit will shine, and the builders will not be able to build that great building in which the greatness of our people will reach its highest achievement, and no one will be able to sing a song in whose depths will be mirrored all the greatness of the universe

No, this full life will be impossible, so long as you stand there, broom in hand!

Never mind! Go on standing there It's better that you should, then perhaps the day will come when someone will take your broom from you and gently press your hand and take you beyond the rainbow

Translated from Urdu by Ralph Russell

The Spiritual Heritage Of Tyagaraja†

Narayana Menon

THE SPIRITUAL HERITAGE OF TYAGARAJA is a compilation of 565 songs of the great composer in Devanagri script along with their translations in English The compilation is prefaced by a lengthy and scholarly study of Tyagaraja's life and philosophy The actual compilation and translation are the work of the late C Ramanujachari though he has had the benefit of help and advice from a number of scholars and musicians The introduction, notes and the general editing of the whole work are the work of V Raghavan

The real miracle of Tyagaraja, to my mind, is a musical miracle. But a close study of the text of the songs alone will make us realise the full implications of this, and unravel subtleties which are inherent in the text In most musical systems, the greatest songs are the result of the marriage of musical and literary minds There are the settings of Shakespeare's songs by Arne Schubert has set some of the loveliest poems of Burns to music Schumann has done the same with Heine In all these, words and music create and evoke the same emotions The song is really the most natural mode of expression for any composer If that is so with composers who set other people's words to music, how much more so would it be with a composer like Tyagaraja who set his own words to music A study of the words of the songs reveal how closely wedded the words are to the music, how musical subtleties are achieved through subtleties in wording and phrasing which seem almost inevitable The music seems to grow from the words, naturally, spontaneously, transferring word and sound and metaphor into a new realm of experience. This is like the inevitable extension of the composer's thoughts to a new dimension and is achieved with a sureness of touch which is a master musician's

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† *The Spiritual Heritage of Tyagaraja*, by C. Ramanujachari. Ed by V Raghavan Ramakrishna Mission Students Home, Madras, 1958. Price Rs. 10|-

The English translations, however, hardly convey the beauty inherent in the original text. They are sometimes awkward and uncouth in expression, and occasionally a profoundly moving thought in a happy setting in the original appears banal and platitudinous in translation. The translation of the words of songs is an exacting job which calls for great skill and artistry, apart from an intuitive feeling for the right word in the right place. Sri Ramanujachari, obviously, was a scholar and devotee and a person deserving of our highest respect, but perhaps not a great artist of sensibility.

Dr. Raghavan's introduction is learned and authoritative, and is couched in the scholarly academic language that we have come to expect from him. Altogether, this is a volume to possess and to be grateful for. Tyagaraja's songs have become inseparable from one's musical consciousness wherever Karnatic music is heard. The present volume is a reminder of the immensity and the nobility of that heritage.

Anandibai Ityadi Galpa

by Rajasekhara Bose

ANANDIBAI ITYADI GALPA, a Sahitya Akademi prize-winner, is a collection of fifteen Bengali short stories by Rajasekhara Bose, popularly known by his pen-name, Parasuram One of the striking facts about the author is that from the study of Chemistry and full-time industrial management he quite casually came into literature during the middle years of his life and instantly found himself famous It was in 1922 – he was then 42 – that his first comic story was published Since then Parasuram has year after year enriched as well as enlarged the comic convention in modern Bengali literature with his *Gaddalika, Kajjali, Hanumaner Swapna, Dhusturi Maya,* etc There are no parallels in Bengali nor probably in any other Indian literature.

Anandibai Ityadi Galpa wonderfully illustrates the inexhaustible resourcefulness of the author, now in his late seventies The title story 'Anandibai', a neat little comedy of situation has an obviously satiric purpose. But in the end the matrimonial tangle (or triangle) of Tricumdas Karori, a fiftyish, fabulous big business tycoon dissolves into pure laughter

Five other stories in the collection – *Bateswarer Abadan, Dui Simha, Satyasandha Binayak, Kashinather Janmantar* and *Gagan Chati* are, generally speaking, satiric fables told with gentle irony Parasuram has no intention to teach nor to prove any moral. His ridicule, neither harsh nor too loud, goes straight to the point of exposing some of the follies, hypocrisies and artifices of our civilised existence For instance, while there is so much talk about the freedom and integrity of the artist, Parasuram cleverly turns the argument and creates a lively situation in *Bateswarer Abadan*, showing that there is also another side to it The edge of satire here is so exquisitely refined that it does not hurt. Novelist Bateswar sells his artistic integrity for netting a few thousands in the shape of royalty promised for the film rights of his story to which he gives a clumsily happy ending to satisfy the buyer, who ultimately does not turn up at all. All the stories in *Anandibai* are not equal in artistry, they have

variety and degrees of excellence They also fall into different groups While *Satyasandha Binayak* aims at political satire, *Chitti Bafi* is rollicking fun about modern courtship and marriage

Satyasandha Binayak (Binayak, the truth-seeker) is a 20th Century Don Quixote. The bee in his bonnet is to get 100 per cent honest and dedicated men elected to legislatures With this impossible end in view, Binayak hurls his propaganda-shafts against all sorts of dishonest politicals, debauchees and crooks His mission, of course, is fore-doomed Of his ten *Sancho Panzas* as many as seven desert his camp in no time and make peace with the Best people, who, of course, are the Top People Binayak, an impossible unrepentant crusader, dies a baffled man

Parasuram is at his best and most at home when he sets his story in a mythological or pseudo-mythological frame He delights in giving ancient myths and gods and goddesses a new scientific humanist interest *Nirmoka Nritya* or Naked Dance, for instance, is much more than a strip-tease by Urvasi to catch males in her fleshly snare The story is rather a fable, which suggests that civilization itself is a lady in painted veil, to strip it off its wrappage is to destroy all its seductive power *Yayatir Jara* (Yayatir's senility) puts the *Mahabharat* story upside down and shows Puru to be refusing to part with age and wisdom to get back youth

Wit without pun, satire without bitterness or malice, humour wedded to intellect, fun but no vulgarity – such are the gifts of Parasuram's story-telling He is never a pedlar of plain buffoonery In everything he writes, situation, word and character are controlled by a superbly lively intellect Farce and force are happily blended, also all his 'types', in spite of the necessary exaggeration or even grotesque emphasis, are, to use an overworked phrase, true to life Parasuram's comic view of life is extremely rational and an antidote to woolly sentiment, one always feels that the laughter he raises ultimately persuades readers to form rational judgments If he ridicules superstition and sham sainthood, or exposes hypocrisy and debunks popular

idols and fads, that is because there is so much contradiction between profession and performance in our real life Downright commonsense is the source and power of Parasuram's comic creations To laugh with Parasuram is to laugh at some of our absurdities and follies and this laughter is a tonic.

The author of *Anandibai*, etc is never a literary partisan, i e, committed, nor is he a dreary moralist Whatever social criticism he achieves, he does so without aiming at or meaning it There is something of Yahoo in all humanity and Parasuram, without any touch of bitterness or disgust, reminds his readers of this His comic creations, to quote Byron, incline 'us *more* to laugh than scold, though laughter, leaves us so doubly serious shortly after

Besides a sparkling clarity of style, there is something very remarkable also about his vocabulary The mixed Bengali-Hindi lingo which Parasuram uses at ease in his satiric-comical stories is apt, vivid and vigorous. Many of his mixed coinages with oblique hints have already passed into current usage

Besides being a first-rate humorist, Parasuram, that is Rajasekhara Bose, is also the foremost lexicographer in modern Bengali, translator of the great Indian epics and a distinguished essayist There is no real cleavage here between the humorist and the serious thinker and scholar He often writes in Matthew Arnold's vein on problems of culture and anarchy in own country In everything he is Indian in his approach and at the same time remarkably modern and rational His abridgements of the Ramayana and the Mahabharata in Bengali prose are monumental works of scholarship and precision Besides the two epics, he has also to his credit an explanatory translation of Kalidasa's *Meghaduta* As a lexicographer, what he has achieved in Bengali might serve as a model for other Indian languages. His *Chalantika*, a current and colloquial Bengali lexicon is the first of its kind and also the best.

Saroj Ranjan Acharyya

Darshan Ane Chintan

by Pandit Sukhlalji

Many people in India must have been thrilled with delight when Pandit Sukhlalji, the famous blind scholar of India, received the Sahitya Akademi award of Rs 5000 early this year at the hands of its President for his two volumes of critical and philosophical essays in Gujarati, *Darshan ane Chintan* This honour came to him soon after he became the first recipient of D Litt, of the Gujarat University The old sage received the honours with quiet gratitude for the growing national sense of scholastic values For lovers of learning these honours symbolized what an indefatigable pursuit of knowledge could achieve despite the terrible handicap of utter blindness from the age of sixteen The scene of the old scholar being led towards the President of the Akademi by an eminent scholar and poet, Umashanker Joshi will remain memorable

Pandit Sukhlalji was born on the 8th of December 1880 in the village Limli, near Vadhwan in Saurashtra, in a Jain Visha Shreemali family of Banias His mother died when he was only four and in his boyhood and youth he was looked after by a loving servant of the family At school he showed an intense love for studies At home he helped in the domestic work of the family and showed qualities of self-help, diligence and obedience to elders On the field he was a player of manly games and showed fondness for riding and swimming In the evening he supplemented his knowledge by meeting village storytellers and poets and sadhus and imbibed in a general way the ancient spirit of the land The tradition of the family and his immediate environment were preparing him to be a man of business. If fate had not intervened he might have been a venturesome businessman, the typical Jain Bania lustily earning and liberally parting with wealth Fate planned to put him in the noble line of Gujarati scholars and thinkers like Dayananda Saraswati, Manilal Dwivedi, Anandashanker Dhruva and Mashruwala In fact he has achieved today international renown as an authority on Indian philosophy and religion, and especially on Jainism

When in 1897 Sukhlal lost his sight, all was darkness for him within and without. Was utter helplessness his future? No, the inner urge must find life's fulfilment in some other way, he must gather knowledge He listened to the Jain sadhus who came to his village, and picked up Gujarati, Prakrit and Sanskrit verses. In 1904 he went to Banaras and was admitted in the Yashovijayji Pathshala where within three years he mastered the whole of Hemachandra's grammar For six years more he studied the other Sanskrit sastras and systems with several Pandits in Banaras and thereafter studied 'Navya-nyaya' (New Logic) under Balakrishna Mishra in Mithila Returning to Gujarat and again going to Banaras, he started editing and translating very difficult Jain works and soon became an authority in the field In 1922 he joined the Research Institute of the Gujarat Vidyapeeth of Gandhiji and in collaboration with Pandit Bahechardas completed the editing of *Sanmati-tarka*, a rare achievement in work of this kind He worked in Ahmedabad until 1930 and guided, in their various departments of study scholars like Kalelkar, Rasiklal Parikh and Ramnarayan Pathak In 1934 he accepted the chair of Jainism in the Banaras Hindu University and prepared critical editions of many Jain and Bauddha works of logic He retired from the University in 1944 Even thereafter, he has remained a sort of University with pupils and scholars about him, seeking knowledge and guidance

Though a life of social activity is denied to him, Pandit Sukhlalji has never been living in the cloister of old-world scholarship In this matter the influence of his association with Gandhiji is noticeable In fact, broad humanism, devotion to social good and freedom from sectarianism and dogmatism which we perceive in Mashruwala and Sukhlalji are to be traced to what may be termed Gandhism, which is another name for an unflinching devotion to truth in all spheres of life regulated by non-violence in thought, speech and deed To a Jain this should be a very acceptable approach, though the fact is that the conservative among the Jains have disliked Sukhlalji's liberal views

In an essay included in *Darshan ane Chintan* he admits that

some of his mature views run counter to the social and scholastic tradition in which he grew "I was thinking of the fruit of Karma", says he, "as having relation to the individual, but I realize now that the doctrine of Karma is a social law concerning the collective activity of man and affecting the whole social organism" There is a social salvation which embraces individual salvation. The individual has to work out his salvation only through action which promotes social good

Darshan ane Chintan includes almost the entire body of his writings in Gujarati – essays on religion, philosophy, travel, scholastic inquiry, social and literary criticism There are some autobiographical notes also Three outstanding principles of his literary work may be noticed There should be solid ground for what one says Spirit of inquiry should never be clouded The method of inquiry and judgment must be historical and critical While this has made him unpopular in certain circles, it has been the foundation of his scholarship which is harmonious and having a broad perspective He has gone to the roots of all systems of thought, gathered their fundamentals and like every great thinker of modern India discovered a unity in their diversity These essays show not merely his life's passion for true philosophical and religious knowledge but his interest in psychology and sociology and the practical problems of our life such as cattle-breeding, removal of untouchability, uplift of women, medium of instruction and Bhoodan His whole being revolts against bigotry, dead custom and social injustice The aim of knowledge, he says, is truth, that of action, purity and discipline of life There is no room for sectarianism or narrowness in his outlook for he believes in the fundamental unity of life, and the ideal for man therefore would be *Mitti me savva bhuesu* (amity with all).

V R Trivedi

Madhya Asia ka Itihas

by Rahul Sankrityayana

Copper-skinned, towering tall and smiles all over is Mahapandita Rahula Sankrityayana A couple of decades ago he could have been likened to a monk in a fresco, today the copper glint has faded away and the body has shrunk a bit through the strain of trying years, but the smile still mocks the worries which seem to weaken his resolve

A quarter of a century ago, when I saw him for the first time at the famous historian the late K. P Jayaswal's residence in Patna, the world of scholars in the country and beyond its bounds was talking of the feat which the venerable monk had accomplished by exploring treasures buried in the depths of the Tibetan monasteries Visit had followed visit to Tibetan heights and twenty-two mule-loads of priceless works of Indian scholars, centuries-old, embedded in the cells of the Lamaic retreats, had been recovered, brought and deposited in the Patna Museum and laid bare to the eager eyes. They contained such immortal pieces as the *Vadanyaya* of Bhikshu Santarakshita and *Pramana-Varttika* of Dharmakirti for which scholars of Europe had for decades tried to enter the forbidden land and had failed The finds were indeed epoch-making and they at once ranked Rahula with Champollion, Schliemann and Princep In his first trip to Tibet from Kathmandu the monk had taken a road difficult and inaccessible even to the Nepalese But braving all the perils and privations, he had been able at last to reach Lhasa, his dreamland, as of Tucci and Tschervatscky Walking uphill and down dale and negotiating all the dangerous turns, the monk-explorer reminds one of the masters of the Law trekking their way across the waterless wastes of the Gobi desert beyond Bamiyan and Turfan, across the valley of Tarim, to Tun-huang in Kansu of north China, the land of the predatory Huns

To mark this great event Jayaswal contributed in 1937 an inspired article to the 'Modern Review,' in which he remarked: "But at the time I least suspected that the man will blossom into this Rahula Sankrityayana as I know him today a man resembling

the Buddha, a man absolutely free from hostility to any living man, universal in his outlook, very calm, to whom children run up instinctively, to whom man would respond as to Christ or Gautama if he said 'Follow me.' Tall ,stately and handsome, he resembles the Great Founder of his Order except that he has not the blue eyes of the Buddha." This indeed was a tribute from one great in mind to one greater in soul. Another such tribute I witnessed at Baroda in December 1933, at the occasion of the Oriental Conference. Stalwarts like Reverend Father Heras, A. B. Dhruva, Gaurishanker Hirachand Ojha — all removed from amongst us today — gathered round this much younger genius, tall enough to be visible from a distance. A venerable figure, hoary of head, white of skin, equally tall, approached and spoke as he bowed very low: "Nobody has told me who you are, but from your look and figure I can say you are none other than Bhadanta Rahula Sankrityayana.' This was Woolner, Vice-Chancellor of the Punjab University, an acknowledged authority on Asokan epigraphs.

Born in a small village of district Azamgarh in eastern U.P. Kedarnath Pande (which is his real name) renounced householder's life early, almost in boyhood, and passed from Order to Order feasting on a variety of spiritual food during his mendicancy. He self-taught himself, having left the regular course of a school syllabus, wandering from Sanskrit to Arabic, Persian to English ,Ceylonese to Tibetan. Endowed with an extraordinary receptive power, which disdained the beaten path, he drew in the best, the noblest and most complex of the scholastic wisdom. Who could have imagined, for instance, that the boy who had left off studies at the fourth standard of the primary village school could one day read epigraphical records inscribed in stone and metal, blindfold, by running his fingers over them, and those also backwards.

Rahula's search for knowledge did not stop with enquiries in the domain of philosophy, religion and Indology but crossed the bounds of the speculative systems, forgotten knowledge, and archaelogical explorations to man's physical suffering. He is so kind of heart, so genuinely benign and humane that he could

not stay with the manuscripts and documents discovered at such hazards when the country had become politically restive and was in the throes of a rebirth, when massed multitudes of men were being put behind the bars for agitating to be free Rahula threw himself headlong into the struggle, courted jail and was imprisoned a number of times

Rahula possesses a mind alert and wakeful and neither convention can stale it nor considerations of any personality dim its ardour Scholars in India and abroad who applauded his achievements as an Indologist clamoured to keep him tied to the beaten track, but he broke asunder the bonds of such smug life, though it held out such promise of fame and worldly security How often has that promise not proved fatal to integrity! He has never hesitated to cross the floor if sanity and honesty justified it Politics has never been his resort, and he has suffered a lot by being misunderstood and by his adversaries' enlarging on the misunderstanding He has not raised a finger in his defence or to right the wrong maliciously effected

Living by writing is so difficult in India that even a man of the stature of Rahula, who has to his credit more than two hundred works in print and who is easily the most prolific writer in the country, cannot be free from economic worries and has to find his solace and pleasure in pure creation He has written on subjects of varied interests, on topics ranging from philosophy to belles-lettres, from commentaries on ancient manuscripts to accounts of travels, from lexicons to plays in dialects

Of the latest of his writings is *Madhya Asia ka Itihas*, published by the Rashtra Bhasha Prachar Sabha, Patna, in two volumes of very respectable dimensions Sahitya Akademi has recognized its merit by awarding its prize of Rs 5,000|- to Rahula on this great contribution to scholarship and to the knowledge of history It is a book of decades and is in tune with the marvels of his scholarly explorations. It is undoubtedly based on compilation, yet is a *magnum opus* with merits of first-rate research and investigation It takes notice, weighs and sifts data, and marshals into array all the scientific discovery which the spade

of the archaeologist has laid bare by disembowelling the earth The material of these volumes had never been brought together and made available in readable accounts Even much of what Sir Aurel Stein had acquired has fallen to forgetfulness Most of the stretches of the historical find-spots now lie wtihin the territory of the U S S R , from which our scholars have shrunk in fear, more in fact for want of the knowledge of the original Russian language They have failed to register the endless riches exhumed by the Soviet archaeology But what they have failed to do, Rahula has been able to accomplish through these volumes

The two volumes, which together consist of a dozen parts, scores of chapters and hundreds of sub-headings, indices and appendices, and numerous very helpful maps, cover in all some twelve hundred pages of the royal octavo A bibliography adds to the excellence of the work The reproduction of plates containing the numismatic record is no doubt much below the mark, yet the general printing is by no means mean One wonders why of course a Russian vocabulary and an appendix on the Russian language and Indian equivalents have been appended to the volumes Important in themselves, they are hardly relevant here

The volumes treat of the history and archaeology of the central regions of Asia, and their data refer extensively to the remote history of the appearance and expansion of the *homo sapiens* on earth This aspect of the work may not be approved by some and they may question the propriety of its inclusion It is true that pre-history, archaeology, anthropology and sciences are all inter-connected down the course of civilization, they do yet form distinct sciences and independent branches of study Perhaps, therefore, one might argue that the relevant human history alone should have been well-pressed between the covers and the purpose of the efforts solved, and that man's history beginning with his emergence from the savage state to the paleolithic civilization should have been left to take care of itself Even then, it does speak volumes in favour of the vision of the author and the world of scholarship will indeed feel indebted to this indefatigable traveller and untiring savant for this exceedingly

well-documented work, which leaves almost nothing to be desired in the field of collected material The method of work is descriptive and the language exceedingly simple Perhaps many would desire the language to have been a little compressed and perhaps at little maturer

The volumes cover a colossal range of time, of corroded centuries and millenniums They present to our mind's eyes a panorama of ethnic units, of surging masses of moving men, of settlements succeeding settlements, of civilizations rising and falling, of blended humanity The Carpathian and Caucacius, the Urals and the Pamirs, the Thienshan enclose vallies of riparian vegetation where successions of tribal settlements struggle and succumb to create and recreate the colourful patterns of composite culture The Semites and Aryans, the Medes and Iranians, the Scythians and Yuehchis, the Nephthelites and Turks, the Mongols and Muslims, the Chinese and the Afghans and the Hindus all find their peers, deal their blows and deserve their deserts Oh what a plethora of races constantly entering and making their exit!

I have always thought that the history of India cannot be understood unless we stand on the ruins of Ur and Nineve from where we can distinctly hear the footsteps as much of the Kassites entering Babylonia as of the Aryans descending from the Hindukush on the fields of Saptasindhu A perusal of this remarkable work does not only make dead history return to life and comprehension of Indian history easy but it also helps unravel many a historical knot The great compiler and interpreter of his limitless data, which from their unbounded range in quantity make their handling extremely difficult, deserves unqualified gratitude of the reading public The world of Hindi may take this achievement for a piece of pride, for no language either in the east or west has produced such a work

Bhagavat Saran Upadhyaya

Aralu-Maralu

by D. R Bendre

D R Bendre who claims to be not the poet but only the scribe of 'Ambikatanayadatta[1],' the poet residing in his heart, is one of the great figures of modern Kannada literature and has cast a unique spell on the hearts of the Kannadigas for nearly four decades The song which he began to sing in his twenties when the Kannada country was on the verge of a renaissance, has, in the course of years, gathered volume and variety, acquired depth and extension of experience and insight, developed intensity and diversity of thought and feeling, gravity and grace of structure and style, and attained a comprehensive and complex unity and integrity of vision which entitle him to the appellation of *kavi*, the bard, the seer who is also a singer *Aralu-Maralu*, which has been awarded the Akademi Award, contains the fine flower of the poetry of a great poet in the mature period of his development and is a worthy monument of the characteristic achievement, past and present, of the poet

Aralu-Maralu is a collection of two hundred and seventy-three lyrics The poems are introduced with a finely sensitive and critical essay by V K Gokak who is one of the earliest and most authoritative interpreters of Bendre There is a prefatory note by the poet himself which contains one of the most profound poems in the collection The lyrics are divided into five sections and are given different titles *Hridayasamudra* (The Heart-Sea), *Muktakantha* (The Liberated Voice), *Chaityalaya* (The Temple of Meditation), *Jivalahari* (The Wave of Life), and *Suryapana* (The Drink of Light)

Bendre is a singer *par excellence*, the inspired snake-charmer (in the words of Masti) who has hypnotised the people of Karnataka with his poems and their recitation He is a great votary of *nada* or sound An earlier volume of his is called *Nadalile* (The Sport of Sound) In *Aralu-Maralu* also we feel the same spell of words The poet himself says: 'Speech is gold,

[1] This is the Poet's pen-name, also —*Ed*

speech is beauty, but witchery indeed is the poetic speech.' A whole poem is in praise of *nada* or sound in which the poet asks "When you have had the *nada* (sound) of *nada* (sound) where is the need for any other *vada* (argument)?" In another he describes his body as the divine *vina* on which he requests the Great Mother to play the song of life. For him the first sprout of a new creation is *sabda* or sound. Not only the creation of the universe by God but its apprehension also by the poet is through sound, for Bendre addresses the Mother thus in another poem.

You speak with eyes
Mother art thou
The ears are my eyes
A Poet am I

Even the fulfilment of the poetic function depends upon the poet's mastery over the realm of sound, because 'when the word suggests only this sense and the meaning of the word arises out of the meaning of the sound, the passion flows filling the banks of sound and sense, and then the image flashes across the inward eye.'

These reflections on the nature of sound are not mere prose statements but are realised in the prosodic features of the poems. The variety of verbal music in the volume ranges from the the regular measures of the syllabic and quantitative metres to the rhythmic harmonies of free verse. The Vedic metre is successfully employed in *Swapnanauke* (Dream-Ship) and *Saptakala* (The Seven Arts). The traditional classical metres like the *shatpadi* (sestet) and the *mandakranta* are managed with ease and dignity. Apart from the simple vocabulary and realistic speech rhythms of folk-poetry, the ballads like 'The Street-Dog,' 'Radha,' and 'The Mad Man's Song' have a vivacity, wit and complexity which are characteristic of Bendre. One of the earliest poets to acclimatize the sonnet form in Kannada, Bendre has given in this collection many fine ones, some of which have achieved all that can be achieved in this form. The epigrammatic terseness of the quatrains of 'Amritanubhava' and 'Omara'

increases our thrill in the free verse of 'Prarthane', 'Saddu', and 'Madhuvata Ritayate,' where we see the sensitive handling of line-lengths, the skilful placing of emphatic words and the simple yet effective organisation of phonetic pattern Assonance, alliteration, rhyme and the other flowers of sound bloom naturally in the poems of Bendre The heavily sanskritised diction of 'Mauna' and 'Maunatita,' the colloquial and dialectal forms of the realistic ballads and satires, and the grave but natural middle style of the sonnets and other poems provide sufficient testimony to the polyphonic mastery of the poet But in all this there is no trace or suggestion even of any artificiality or experimentation, but we feel in them the natural fitness and the effortless strength of the true voice of feeling

Aralu-Maralu gathers up the past into the present and is an epitome of Bendre's poetry The dominant images and themes of his earlier poems recur in this volume but are treated in an ever changing way The love of nature and the divine mystery of life are the dominant themes of this volume 'Little Sparrow' and 'Muttaide' remind us of the earlier poems on the butterfly and the little widow The love of the Kannada land and language has acquired new dimension and depth in 'Kannadada Pavana Parampare' and 'Nenavu' and other poems The earlier beau of Hubli meets more than his match in the village belle who slips past the customs house without paying anything while the toll-man and others stand gazing at her charm The satire and irony of 'The Social Philosophy of Sri Giradi-Buradi' and the 'Worker's Song' have the humour and wit of the earlier satires But these poems do not appear to be mere repetitions, for we find in them a greater austerity and humanity which are the fruits of the mature experience of the poet

Bendre's imagination is not merely the auditory imagination, but it is the integral imagination which functions simultaneously on the sensuous, intellectual, structural and symbolic levels In the opinon of certain critics the realm of symbolism in modern Kannada poetry is peculiarly his *Aralu-Maralu* provides sufficient evidence for this view The imagery is taken from the spheres of life and learning Sights and sounds of nature, animate and

inanimate life, the gesture of the body and the movements of the heart and the mind, the creation of God and the works of man – all are claimed by the poet as his poetic inheritance In these poems we discover sensuous apprehension of life, an intellectual analysis of the sensation and a symbolic expression through poetic images Imagery plays a central role in these poems, but it is always found to be functional, not merely decorative The poetic mood is created by the beauty and propriety of the image, the progressive interaction of the image and the thought, taking the reader to planes of being where the distinction between the icon and the idea is dissolved in an inexpressible vet not disturbing feeling of a complex unity A fine example is seen in the 'Bili Kanigale' The great archetypal symbols of Indian myth and culture – lotus, fire, sun, moon, river, sky, stars, thunder and cloud and rain, dawn and evening, the swan and the peacock, the lion and the cow – are employed without any air of self-consciousness A large number of images are derived from the Veda, the Yoga and the Tantras But Bendre can not only use them properly but can unite a few of them to form new symbols and can invest others with the significance of symbols A stanza in 'Madhuvata Ritayate' establishes a relationship between the different orders of existence according to the *Pancharatra* and *Virasaiva* systems The Seven Sages of the stellar Great Bear are beautifully described as seven oxen yoked to the Dhruva star and crushing the juice of the sugarcane, Meru The symbol derives its value from its yogic and tantric interpretation In the last poem of the volume the powerful image of the lion with the peacock's tail suggests the figures of Sakti and Sarada which in turn suggest the ideas of power and wisdom The poem 'O Tayi-Mayi' describes the soul of man as a dog which is actually hungry but moves about aimlessly distracted by everything on the way while the Mistress is waiting for it with food in her hands The image is described with severe realism and objective precision, yet is enriched by the spreading waves of suggestion Another fine example is 'Huli Mattu Hulle' It is quite impossible to do justice to the wealth of imagery of these poems in the limited compass of this essay

The value of *Aralu-Maralu* does not lie merely in its formal and technical excellence, but in the philosophy also What is revealed in these poems is aptly described by Gokak as the vision of a *rishi*, the quest of a Seer The poet has himself stated

A traveller in eternity
In quest of truth—go I

The volume is a testimony to this quest The poet is pleased with many things round about him in the world The country has become independent and the Kannada land has been unified In spite of the economic problem, the social problem of inequality, and the moral problem of hypocrisy and greed, the poet feels that the country is on the path of progress The 'big blooming buzzing confusion' of life is seen to be a highly complex pattern whose meaning and value are revealed to the poet by the Grace of the Guru and the Love of the Mother The poet is deeply grateful to Aurobindo, the Mother, and Ramana Maharshi for this insight and the poems of thanksgiving are some of the most moving in this volume It is the awareness of the directing hand of God behind the drama of life which is the ground of his faith in life and the great spirit of affirmation and acceptance expressed in the final sections of 'Vachanagalu,' and inspire him to declare that his voice and hand, his feeling and wisdom, and even his ignorance and delusion are the gifts of the Lord Hence he prays

Let the song come growing wings
And Music follow the melody
Let passion put on a lovely body
And divine let our lives become
And the hearts of men all abloom

This essay cannot close on a more fitting note than on this noble testament of the great 'Ambikatanayadatta '

N Balasubrahmanya

Sat Sangar

by Akhtar Mohiuddin

Unlike most of his colleagues Akhtar Mohiuddin has had rather a much belated literary career He made his appearance with his Urdu sketches and stories and like most of his colleagues met with no creditable success Except for the story 'Pondrich' which got him a prize in a competition and was later published, his other writings did not see the light of the day He had no readers His broadcasts even could not fetch him serious listeners He had no admirers Faced with all these problems, Akhtar Mohiuddin was undaunted and he did not give up hope By associating himself with the Kashmir Cultural Congress he started owning some readers When his stories started appearing in Kong-posh,' an irregular monthly journal of the Cultural Congress, his writings evoked rather discouraging comments particularly because Akhtar Mohiuddin seemed to possess little knowledge of Urdu This made his language appear devoid of expression and he could not command the requisite standards of crispness, beauty and expression in his language. Akhtar Mohiuddin had naturally to switch over to Kashmiri

That is how the story begins He wrote his first short story in Kashmiri 'Dand Wazun (the Bickerings) as late as 1955 Before him Nadim, Roshan, Zutshi and Haroon also wrote a few stories in Kashmiri but confronted with the problem of a negligible reading public, they had almost given up Akhtar Mohiuddin, however, realized that he could express himself more profoundly and with ease in Kashmiri language and he resolved to crusade against the antipathy of readers He left this predecessors far behind, took his readers by surprise and came forward with a collection of short stories in Kashmiri, *i e*, *Sat Sangar* (The Seven Pinnacles) Happily this was the first ever collection of short stories in this much neglected regional language of India It was a very bold step and people were impressed by the seriousness of Akhtar's attempt Once the book was published even the most sceptic among the literate sections of the society were brought round Their antipathy was shattered by the beauty and simplicity of Akhtar's stories

Akhtar's first story 'Dand Wazun' was acclaimed as one of the loveliest stories ever written in any of the advanced literatures of this land Its humour, satire and human values raised Akhtar high above mediocrity Then there came 'Daryayi Heund Yezaar' (The Silken Trousers) a very well-knit story with a psychological background Of course this story is not above criticism If one goes deep into it, one can find some looseness in the psychological approach to its characters Any way the story was a very good experiment and it was accepted as his second best story so far

In the foreword of his book Akhtar Mohiuddin writes "Art—the life's beloved child lives till it sucks the very juice of life itself Once it is separated from life, it withers away and becomes soulless"

Akhtar has been true to his saying in as far as he derives inspiration from life and writes about the sorrows and joys of the people he comes across in life around him His humanism is of a high calibre He cannot even see a bull suffer at the hands of some selfish and wicked people The institution of inheritance of property sometimes makes human beings behave like brutes As a far-flung relative breathes his last, leaving some property with no direct inheritors, kinsfolk turn up in multitudes to lay claim to the dead man's property In the scuffle which follows the demise of Mahmud Teh, his only valuable property, Badra the bull, is starved to death Nobody takes notice of the poor animal and it dies of hunger, thirst and sorrow In 'Meh Ti Tog Ne Kenh' (I too was helpless) Akhtar Mohiuddin exposes the selfish motives of these property 'maniacs' with all vigour and sharpness that would naturally emanate from such a sad situation

Guy De Maupassant's story, 'A Piece of String,' is superbly adapted by Akhtar under the same title One feels quite at home with it. We know the characters They are not alien to the Kashmiri soil, yet the very essence of the original is not tarnished at any place

Unfortunately the other three stories of *Sat Sangar* fall much below Akhtar Mohiuddin's standard. Here one feels that he has lost his grip on humour and satire Incidentally his novel *Dode Dag* (Suffering and Pain), if it could be called a novel at all, meets the same fate It is well-conceived but a very poorly knit narrative of a few characters whose treatment, precisely, lacks cohesion of evolution, contradicts itself and thus turns utopian

Of his other stories, 'Mahmdu – the Son of Lassu,' 'Snow-fight' and 'Man is a Strange Creature' are, no doubt, his masterpieces Here the reader feels that the author has appreciably realized his capacities of an artist and handles them with confidence and aptness He asserts as an artist His expression, characterization, handling of rather very complicated situations, poetic diction, and description of nature gain great heights and out of the commoner, Akhtar Mohiuddin emerges out as a first-rate writer

'Man is a Strange Creature' shall always be remembered as one of the most powerful stories of Akhtar Mohiuddin

'Mahmdu – the Son of Lassu' exposes the baseless allegation of cowardliness levelled against the common man Mahmdu goes to war in the jungles of Malaya, Singapore and Burma He kills like a soldier run amuck bit realizing the futility of his act and confronted with other horrors of war, he becomes a deserter He goes back to his native village and hides there The very mention of war makes him shiver like a leaf, but when cholera breaks out in the village, he comes forward with the zeal and courage of a hero to combat this calamity Mahmdu fights with death to save life He does not fight to perpetrate death

'Snow-fight' deals with an old practice prevalent till recent times in the Karkhandars or Khwajas of Kashmir The poor artisans were made to fight in the bitter cold of a Kashmir winter for the pleasure of their masters Like Roman lords, the Khwajas would witness the snow-fight from their well-protected

balconies With a host of well-off friends they would have a sumptuous feast and see the poor artisans fight over a piece of roasted mutton thrown at them For this 'diversion' some of the artisans paid dearly with their life

Akhtar Mohiuddin writes with ease and has a good speed In the short period of over three years he has written a good number of stories and with his command of Kashmiri language, crispness of dialogue, variety of themes, it is hoped — and rightly so — that he would enrich Kashmiri fiction which still is a 'babe in the arms of a few writers' like him

Ali Mohammad Lone

Kazhinja Kalam

by K. P. Kesava Menon

Kazhinja Kalam, which means 'Times Past,' is the autobiography of K.P. Kesava Menon, Editor of Mathrubhumi. This was first published in February 1957 and has been well received by the Malayalam reading public. Biography is not a particularly rich branch of Malayalam literature and as regards autobiography, I must confess that it is definitely poor. Kerala has produced several outstanding men who could have written interesting and useful autobiographies, but unfortunately, few have given serious thought to this question. Therefore, a good life-account from the pen of a person like Kesava Menon, received an enthusiastic welcome and the news of its winning the Akademi Award was heartily appreciated.

Biographies used to be written only about persons of high parentage and extraordinary life. But times have changed and now the reader is more interested in the lives of people who have risen high from low beginnings. Though every life is interesting in its own way and worth careful observation and study, only certain lives are capable of maintaining lasting value. Such lives must have influenced a large section of the human community and that is why their record inspires generation after generation. We cannot claim that Kerala has produced several such outstanding personalities, but even the lives of the few who could claim the honour have not been recorded in a fitting manner. It is as difficult to write a good life as it is to live one.

Dr. Johnson says that it is better that a person writes his own story. In a way this is correct, but taking another view, it is better that the life story of one is written by another. The former will be subjective and the latter objective and each medium has its own advantages and disadvantages. Writing an autobiography is an extremely difficult task and to be truly successful one has to fuse together the subjective and the objective elements. It is like tight-rope walking. One has to go on writing about oneself without being too self-critical and taking care not to include a word of indiscreet self-praise. This requires a great

amount of objectivity and restraint To see oneself as a different person is not an easy affair It requires the highest sense of detachment coupled with unself-consciousness Kesava Menon has been eminently successful in getting this attitude

In fact he had long developed a particularly suitable frame of mind to be successful in the field This is evident from some of his other works Books can be written with emphasis either on imagination or on experience Menon has two collections of stories which show his ability as an imaginative writer But by and large his special gift is to produce literature of experience, if one may put it so The richness and variety of his experience and the sharpness of his observation of men and manners have made him an outstanding writer in this field *Bilathiviseshem* is an interesting account of his travel to Europe In *Bandhanathil Ninnu* (From Bondage) you get his experience of jail life in the Vaikom Satyagraha movement in Kerala During the Second World War, the author was in Malaya, Singapore and other places and he had to undergo persecution from various quarters This is vividly described in his *Bhoothavum Bhaviyum* (Past and Future) In *Jeevita Chintakal* (Thoughts on Life) we get certain experiences and observations from which oozes his philosophy of life In all this, we find the emphasis on experience Some of these are reflected in his autobiography also, but here the approach is different In *Bilathiviseshem* you see the *Bilathi* (Europe) which Kesava Menon saw, but in *Kazhinja Kalam,* we see Kesava Menon who saw *Bilathi* In other words, some of the materials that we find in the earlier books have provided the background in the autobiography against which the personality of Kesava Menon is suitably set

The past life of Kesava Menon, which is three-score years and ten, can be roughly divided into four periods The first period ends with the termination of his formal education partly in Madras and partly in England and then his public life commences And till he goes to Malaya, it may be considered as the second period During this period he has founded the well-known Malayalam paper 'Mathrubhumi' He left for Malaya in 1908 and for 20 years he was in Malaya and Japan In 1928 he re-

turned back to his native land and again took up the editorship of Mathrubhumi This is the beginning of the fourth period Though each period is important in its own way, Kesava Menon became a well-known figure in the South during the second period Even while he was a student at Madras, he was genuinely interested in the country's politics He wanted to fully associate himself with the freedom movement and he left his legal profession to join the social movement This was an exciting period in his life and he became an important leader in the non-cooperation movement He was ready to undergo any sacrifice for the sake of an ideal and that made him a hero in the public life of South India But because of his weak financial position, he was not able to immerse himself fully in the freedom struggle I shall quote a passage which shows his mental struggle at this state of affairs "I knew that the independence movement will go forward without me I never harboured the thought that my help was indispensable to make India free But I had an inexplicable satisfaction when I did that kind of work. I cursed that state of affairs which prevented such a happy experience for me"

Menon, though unwillingly, left the vocation after his heart and started practising as a lawyer in Madras in 1925 But the clients had little fancy for a lawyer whose head was buzzing with 'politics' So he was always in debt To add fuel to fire, his wife and daughter died during this difficult period A Bar-at-law from England in those days to be a lawyer in want was quite a phenomenon Disappointed in every way, Menon left for Malaya in August 1927 and started his new life But perhaps a change of place cannot change the fate! Even in this third period of life, Menon had to undergo a lot of difficulties and tribulations Previously at least he suffered for the sake of a cause, but now it was not even that That made the struggle even more tragic

The afflictions he had to undergo were many He was beaten and kicked with boots by Japanese soldiers, he was kept on a starvation diet consisting tapiocca for quite some period and was made to do many a heinous work in the prison I shall relate one experience in his own words

"One evening the warder came and stood outside the room where I was locked up and asked 'Do you want rice, a little rice is available ' I heard this with a killing appetite Immediately I said I want it But the warder was not in possession of the key to open the door I could only see the rice kept on the other side through a hole in the door Immediately I got an idea. There was just half an inch of space between the floor and the lower end of the door I removed the shirt from my body and spread it on the floor and slowly pushed one end outside The warder evenly spread the rice on the shirt I took care to keep one end of the shirt in the room When all the rice was spread by the warder, I drew the shirt slowly inside It was just rice and nothing else There was not even a little water to wash it down But O ! how I enjoyed the rice like a delicious dish !"

Why should a good man like Menon have such bitter experiences? This is a difficult question indeed Some times as a result of human weakness and sometimes by force of circumstances over which one has no control, one is subjected to such experiences But we cannot explain away everything in this manner and what cannot be explained is usually entered in the 'folio of Fate ' The less we set apart for this folio, the better do we understand the inner springs of the personality Menon helps us to understand his personality to a large extent, but one feels that a little more introspection and self-analysis would have further illuminated certain dark corners in the life-story

With the help of his experience and observation Menon has given serious and deep thought to the values of life He devotes a full chapter in the autobiography to give expression to his ideals of life A few striking sentences I shall quote "To repay a person who has ill-treated me such a thought has never passed through my mind If some one asks me whether I hate anyone or whether I have any enemy, I will find it difficult to think of even one ' " (P 247) How many of us can give such a sincere testimony? Menon has been always willing to forgive and forget, and when he hears the difficulties of other people his heart will melt in compassion, but when it comes to a question of compromise sacrificing principles, he is unbending and firm as a rock.

What is the power which gives him this strength, which appears to go against his softness? "What we want in life is a firm faith, a faith in certain fundamental principles" (p 185) "Go forward in response to the inner voice and in the light that you see before you and you cannot go wrong" (p 122) Now what is the source of Menon's inner voice? "I used to read over and over again the biographies of Jesus Christ and the Buddha. *Panchatantra* and *Ramayana* were also equally interesting to me I had committed to memory many portions in the Bible" (p 35) What is his attitude towards the various religions "Cows may have different colours, but all of them give us white milk only Consider the religious leaders as cows and the milk as *gnana*." Menon fully accepts this view of the Upanishad

By this let me not give the impression that Kesava Menon is a *Yogi* or saint He is an ordinary person who is keen on enjoying the best things in life "Whatever be the mystery of life, I am a person who desires to enjoy life I do not consider that this desire will be an obstacle in the attainment of real knowledge I am interested not only in keeping the mind, body, the house and its surroundings clean, but also in making them beautiful A convenient residence, a spacious garden, sincere friends, good books, children who run about and sweet music—all these I love "

It is the same man who spread his shirt for a bit of rice that later became the Indian High Commissioner in Ceylon Menon has seen both the glory of the heights and the ignominy of the depths He had the good fortune to have close dealings with reputed leaders like Gandhiji, Tagore and Sarojini Naidu *Kazhinja Kalam* contains some very interesting letters from Gandhiji It not only portrays the varied life of Kesava Menon, but also gives a good glimpse of the congress movement in Kerala The outstanding traits of this autobiography are the utter sincerity of the author and the sparkling lucidity in presentation Kesava Menon is well known for his direct and forceful journalistic style and by this publication he has gone to the forefront in yet another field – the autobiography.

K. M George

Bahurupi

by Chintaman Rao Kolhatkar

The success of an autobiography depends, among other things, primarily on two or three elements. The life portrayed need not be crowded with events, but it must be rich in inward experience. It has to be the story of a mind which has lived fully and not merely existed, the experience has to be keenly comprehended and assimilated and not merely blundered through. Then, the writer must also have the creative power to mould this material of experience into a clear and communicable shape. He must have the gift of communication. A glimpse into Kolhatkar's autobiographical book makes it clear that he possesses all these in abundance.

'Bahurupi' is a type of wandering actors who go from door to door playing a variety of roles. The call of the 'Bahurupi' immediately attracts a crowd. Like its namesake, this book holds the reader from the start. True to the author's life-long discipline of the dramatic world, it opens with an incident full of thrill and suspense. It is the story of the arrest of a youngster by a bloodthirsty squad of British police, as an accomplice in a political assassination. Temporary relief was brought to the youngster by the British seargent's appreciation of his powerful recitation of the Marathi translation of Othello's great speech of Farewell to Arms. That was how the histrionic talent of young Kolhatkar saved him in a critical situation.

With this as a start, Kolhatkar leads the reader through a maze of changing circumstances and shifting scenes. He gives us a poignant portrait of his mother, weighed down with one bereavement after another, and of his sister, who suffered throughout her short life and ended it at the moment of her husband's death. These are as effective as character sketches in a well-written novel. There is a whole panorama of uncles and cousins, of life in Jabalpur, Satara and Poona, of activities — academic and dramatic, agricultural and commercial. The author moves through these early scenes of his life as if goaded inevitably by an inner urge towards the theatre world.

The book consists of two main parts The first, known as 'Swagat,' is autobiographical It takes the story of the author's life up to his entry on the stage The second part, which was conceived and begun earlier as a series on dramatists of plays he acted in and whom he describes as 'his dramatists, 'consists of 32 sketches Out of these, 24 dramatists belong to the early part of Kolhatkar's career, Khadilkar and Gadkari being the most important among them. In the latter part of his career, the author came in contact with eight modern playwrights, the chief among them is Mama Warerkar These sketches are written purely from a subjective point of view but they are authentic, vivid and convincing The most elaborate of these is the sketch of Ram Ganesh Gadkari It is one of the finest parts of the book It is more effective than some of the full-length biographies of this strange, short-lived genius Another equally vivid portrait is of the sage-like personality Khadilkar — as selfless and disciplined as a *rishi,* also as inflammable and firm of word Both these sketches are imbued with a deep reverence

Indeed, one of the most remarkable features of these sketches is the deep reverence with which Kolhatkar describes the dramatists and directors he came in contact with as a young actor Yet he sees them objectively too He recaptures and even conveys to the reader the profound devotion and feeling of hero-worship he had for these men of genius But he also looks at them in a detatched manner, wistfully, nostalgically as shades of a departed glory He is not undiscriminating in his hero-worship He can underline the portrayal with sarcasm and humour when the occasion arises He has a clear sense of values and human relationships His judgment of dramatic writing is keen and balanced His description and analysis of the behaviour of various dramatists can be very revealing The narration is at once an account of the landmarks of the history of the Marathi stage and Kolhatkar's own evolution as one of the finest actors it has had. The insight and sturdy emotion revealed in these sketches speaks volumes of the depth and equilibrium of the writer's own personality The sketches of the thirty-three dramatists provide a vivid portrait of the author himself

The book is a treasure-house of information about the great days of the Marathi stage — its conventions, its patrons and audiences, its equipment and personnel It is full of anecdotes about actors and writers, about rehearsals and great performances, thrilling first nights and tours of different places Dramatic companies toured over the major cities of Maharashtra, met different types of audiences, with their particular flairs, likes and dislikes The troupes also visited princely states and gave command performances. *Bahurupi* opens out the whole panorama of about fifty years of stage-life in Maharashtra with its social setting

Bahurupi is not quite Kolhatkar's first attempt at writing He narrates a superb story of how Gadkari once gave him the outline of a plot and said, "Kolhatkar, this is your play You must write it!" Kolhatkar knew himself too well to attempt that He goes on to narrate how that strange and wayward 'master' of his, asked him to 'give him his play' Kolhatkar had to repeat the words to satisfy the whim of his 'master' Later, Kolhatkar did complete an unfinished farce by Gadkari called *Vedyancha Bazar,* years after the death of the writer It was also staged later But Kolhatkar's literary achievement in *Bahurupi* could not possibly have been forecast on the basis of that dramatic writing In this book, Kolhatkar writes like a seasoned littérateur, his style scintillating with periods of classic dramatic style, delicate touches of emotive writing as well as chaste and direct expression of profound feeling

Kolhatkar has advantages of heritage and literary training The family of Kolhatkars could boast of two dramatists and a journalist of repute, when Chintaman Rao was in his teens His mind is also evidently saturated with words of the great dramatists whose characters he brought to life on the stage Even so, the style and structure of *Bahurupi* are rare and surprising in their beauty Their springs are surely deep down in a magnificent personality

Kusumavati Deshpande

Ka

by Kanhu Charan Mohanty

The contribution of the Mohanty brothers[1], as they are generally known in modern Oriya literature, particularly in the field of fiction and short story cannot be underestimated. Without these two names there will be a vacuum in Oriya fiction. Both the brothers, serving under the Government of Orissa, have been making continuous and significant contribution to enrich Oriya literature and to bring it on par with literatures in other Indian languages

The Oriya novels of Kanhu Charan Mohanty are remarkable for many reasons He has provided his readers not only with a striking freshness of theme and content, but has also paved the way after Fakirmohan for a comparatively more critical evaluation of social and cultural conditions He refrains from advocating traditional patterns of social institutions and subscribing to blind faith, based on a non-critical examination of facts, handed down from generation to generation. Instead, he endeavours to posit and understand things in their proper perspective His appreciation of the social environment is prompted by an ardent desire to analyse the deep roots of problems which are instrumental in shaping modern civilisation and human progress

Kanhu Charan wields a facile pen, possesses a considerable amount of skill in depicting human nature and displays an appreciable understanding of the working of the human mind He is the author of nearly thirty works and some of these have been reprinted From his college days he was deeply interested in the study of literature, history and social sciences Those were the days of unrest and agitation for the formation of a separate state for the Oriya-speaking people who lay scattered in the various adjoining provinces The struggle for national emanci-

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[1] Kanhu Charan Mohanty received the Sahitya Akademi Award for his novel, *Ka* In 1955 his younger brother Gopinath Mohanty had received the Akademi Award for his novel, *Amrutar Santan*, which has been translated into Hindi and is being translated in other languages —*Ed.*

pation in India and the sense of patriotism led to linguistic consciousness, which culminated in the formation of new states The present state of Orissa was formed in 1936 The decades that preceded it witnessed discontentment all over the Oriya-speaking area Leaders of Orissa set themselves resolutely to the task of bringing about a cultural renaissance, with particular emphasis laid on the linguistic integration of all the Oriya speaking tracts Simultaneously, the impact of western education worked as a powerful means of inculcating a tendency for introspection among literary men, who tried to re-examine the traditional culture-pattern in Orissa with greater insight. In the process of building they did not consider it desirable to confine themselves to any particular literary school They accepted all that was good and beautiful in other literatures, with varying degrees of success and proficiency Imitation and adaptation characterised the literary scene in Orissa, during the 'twenties and 'thirties, though originality of some was discernible even in the process of adaptation.

During last quarter of a century, the influence of various political ideologies became sharply marked and visible Literature came closer to the masses — to their educational standards and ethical practice, religious beliefs and economic problems Thus literature began to reflect contemporary mêlée with unabated vigour and photographic accuracy

Kanhu Charan combines in himself a romantic artist and a social reformer, a nationalist and a visionary, a student of sociology and a cultural missionary *Bali Raja, Sasti, Ha-Anna, Jhanja, Tunda-baida, Sarbani* are some of his outstanding creations His *Milanara Chhanda* and his *Pari* bear evidence to his gift of psychoanalysis and his strikingly original concept of culture

Kanhu Charan's *Ka*, as the name itself indicates, presents a social picture where the one plays the role of another The word *Ka* is generally used in some of the games of the countryside, where, to equalise the number of players in the contesting parties, one player, after he is declared 'out,' plays the role of another player, in case there is shortage of players in a particular group. It is

surmised that the novelist in selecting this title for his novel, had in view an article (entitled *Ka*) of outstanding originality and profound scholarship written by one of the most eminent historians of Orissa, the late Krupasindhu Mishra. In this novel *Ka* Sunanda, the hero, married Nandika, who unfortunately was a barren woman. She with exemplary self-sacrifice, induced her husband to marry another lady, who would play her own role fruitfully, and this 'Ka' or substitute might be blessed with the good fortune of being the mother of smiling and loving children. Nandika thought that after this second marriage, her curse of being a barren lady which was a constant mental scourge could be overcome.

Sunanda belongs to a middle-class family. His father died when he was seven. Brought up and educated by his mother, who was a lady of great courage and tact, Sunanda passed out of the village school and finally took admission in the college. At last he became a business man. His mother was full of sorrow as her daughter-in-law was not blessed with any children. Finally, medical advice was sought on the problem, but it was of no avail. The question of adopting a child was no doubt discussed, but it was considered neither very profitable nor helpful. Hence the idea of a second wife for Sunanda gradually took roots in Nandika's mind. She felt most fervently that some other person should play her own role in the family. And so Lalita came as Sunanda's second wife. In all household matters, Lalita became what Nandika was in the family previously. But ultimately, it so happened that Nandika was blessed with a child before Lalita could be fortunate enough to be a mother. Nandika could not survive the birth of the child. But she breathed her last with the consolation and contentment that she was not barren, that the society could no longer look down upon her as such.

Thus *Ka* is a record of contemporary events confined to the bounds of domestic life. The novelist, in selecting his theme and painting his characters, has not focussed his attention merely on Orissa. The story has universal significance. The modern mind is corroded by the impact of materialistic civilization. Autocentric motives dominate the minds of numerous individuals,

Scientific contrivances and numerous similar devices are brought forward as aids to human happiness. But spiritually, all over the world, the human being is getting dwarfed. The lofty ideals of selfless service, devotion to the cause of the good and the noble, the acquisition of divine pleasure from due discharge of duties, have been held with esteem for centuries The more civilised we consider ourselves in the modern world, we tend to become less spiritual The novelist has, through his characters, almost elucidated these lofty ideals Psychological analysis has added a charming freshness to the happy blending of ideologies The characters of Nandika and Lalita present sharp contrast The fickleness and the lack of constancy in the hero have been compensated by the firmness of the characters of Nandika and Lalita The by-products of modern civilisation such as frustration, lack of ethical integrity and subjection of higher values of life to baser considerations, have been used as good 'properties' with considerable skill at different places.

The personality of Kanhu Charan can be well studied even through a chronological account of his novels From the emotional fervour of a patriot and a nationalist, he has progressed along the highways of world-civilization He has come down to the plane of the common man from the lofty semi-historical and semi-legendary romances His works produced during the last two decades contain elements not only of the development of his individual consciousness but also of the limits imposed on the progress of the human mind in scientific environment.

Gouri Kumar Brahma

Chakravarti Thirumagan

by C. Rajagopalachari

Students of English literature do not seem to be generally aware of the significant contributions made by the early English scientists to the development of modern English prose It may come as a surprise to some of them that the "divers worthy persons inquisitive into natural philosophy and other parts of human learning, and particularly of what hath been called the *New Philosophy* or *Experimental Philosophy*," who constituted themselves, almost exactly three hundred years ago, as the founder members of the Royal Society, had in their programme, among many worthy objectives for promoting natural knowledge, "the development of the philosophy of the English language" too! Though the Society had some plans for achieving the latter objective, its actual achievement, however, came about more naturally, namely through their publications, which were characterized by a certain directness and simplicity, and precision and clarity of expression which were not so common then Having occasion to write about this aspect of the Society's work Professor Elton remarks "The activities of the newly founded Society told directly upon literature, and counted powerfully on the organization of a clear, uniform prose – the 'close, naked, natural way of speaking' which the historian of the Society, Sprat, cites as part of its programme" Warden Wilkins, in whose rooms in Wadham College in Oxford, some of these philosophers used to meet before the founding of the Society, was himself a great pioneer in the development of this new prose style, unadorned, precise, and simple Edmund Gosse mentions him as "the first man in England to write commonly in this new kind of prose," and adds the comment "His style deserves great praise His sentences are short, pointed and exact Justice has never been done him as a pioneer in English prose[1]" Similarly Sprat's *History of the Royal Society* (1667), which was referred to just now–and which, significantly, was prefaced by an Ode by Abraham Cowley–was named by Dean Swift as "the

[1] Quoted by Dorothy Stimson *Scientists and Amateurs*, London, Sigma Books (1949)

best book in the English language," which is high praise indeed, especially as coming from one who did not view with favour the activities of the Society There were other publications too from this school, with fair claims to literary distinction.

Indeed a recent critic, while commending the prose style of these early scientific writers, confesses to the "ironic thought that this prose style proved infectious and was to affect the styles of Swift, Addison and Steele, all three of whom indulged in some biting satire at the expense of the early Fellows of the Royal Society " This possible influence apart, there is certainly much in common between the prose styles of these early scientific writers and of the great prose writers who followed them and who wrote on non-scientific subjects The special merits of their prose style arise primarily from the clear logical thinking and the broad scientific outlook which they brought to their respective subjects

Rajaji's Tamil prose, simple, austere, pointed and exact, reminds me of the prose of some of these early English writers, and the merits of his prose style arise from just the same background of clear, logical thinking and the broad scientific outlook Whether he writes on *Kural* or Kamban, on the *Gita* or the *Upanishads*, on the *Ramayana* or the *Mahabharata*, on Ramakrishna or Marcus Aurelius, on physics or on politics, on the coining of technical words or on BCG vaccination, whether he tells a parable or a short story, one cannot help being impressed by the precision and clarity of his thought and expression There is a certain purposiveness pervading his writings and the parts cohere logically with the main theme Indeed the logical sequence of thought is almost compelling, and reminds one of the sequence of propositions in a book on geometry

I sometimes allow myself the thought that these qualities of Rajaji's prose style can be traced in some measure to the background of his early scientific discipline It is possible that he owes this chaste and austere style to the author of the *Kural*, of whom he is more than an admirer, but his English style, which has some of these merits, had acquired its distinctiveness be-

fore he started serious writing in Tamil

The need for the development of such a prose style in the Indian languages is as great today as it was in the English language nearly three hundred years ago, when the early scientists who had a deep and abiding interest in the new philosophy, namely experimental philosophy, tried to convey in plain unambiguous language, to their colleagues, and to the general public, the precise details of their experiments and observations, the many novel conclusions which they drew from them, and the subtle hypotheses which they propounded to explain them The need for the development of such prose in the Indian languages exists not only for scientific writing but for *any* writing since the virtues of such a style are not the peculiar need of science alone

The problem here is not merely one of developing an appropriate vocabulary of new words, which naturally has also to be done when attempting to express new thought, but of being able to think clearly and logically and of being able to express without ambiguity, and without overstatement, or understatement, precisely what the author desires to communicate The latter is much more difficult of achievement than the coining of appropriate new words for expressing new thought

I am tempted to emphasize this since there seems to be a feeling, almost amounting to faith, among some of our enthusiasts, that when a dictionary of all the necessary technical words in the Indian languages has been compiled, there will flow out a continuous stream of original scientific and other literature! The coining of appropriate technical words is only a minor step, though a necessary one, in our attempt to express new thought in the Indian languages.

I may hasten to add that the prose style that I have been commending is not new to some of our languages, certainly not new either to Sanskrit or to Tamil. Many of the early Tamil commentators, in particular, Nachinarkiniyar, Nampillai, Parimelalagar, handled such prose very effectively, and they are models of their kind This tradition, has been maintained in a sense till

today The tradition, however, has been confined almost exclusively to literary and philosophical subjects The need is to develop such a prose style for general use, for expressing to a modern audience both traditional and modern thought, and this need is being met in some measure by Rajaji's writings in Tamil, which extend over a wide variety of subjects

Some of these writings would find a permanent place in modern Tamil literature He would probably be remembered specially for having introduced to modern Tamil, the clear, simple, exact prose which could handle effectively almost any subject, whether traditional or modern This again illustrates my major thesis, that it is the clear, simple, and compelling logic of the thinking behind that accounts primarily for the precision and clarity of the style I cannot think of a more convincing illustration of the adage that 'the style is the man' than Rajaji That the nature of the subject or even the language he writes in, whether it is Tamil or English, is of secondary importance in determining his style, need not therefore occasion surprise

I mentioned earlier that the clear forceful and compelling logic underlying some of Rajaji's writings, and particularly the logical sequence of thought, remind one of the sequence of propositions in a book on geometry Fontenelle once compared mathematicians to lovers "Grant a mathematician the least principle He will draw from it a consequence which also you must grant him, and from this consequence another" The point in this comparison is that the conclusion in the former case is as inevitable as in the latter, though of course for very different reasons In one case it is the convincing logic of the thesis In the other it is the unstinting cooperation of the listener, who is willing not merely to be convinced, but is almost prepared to go the long way with the author To use a well-known phrase of Pascal, it is a case of the heart's having its reasons which the mind may not comprehend In such a fortunate position, if one can also invoke the convincing logic of the former, i e, if the heart's reasons are also comprehensible by the mind, then the logical presentation is seen to its best advantage.

This is somewhat the case when Rajaji writes on the *Ramayana* or the *Mahabharata*, where the themes are of perennial human interest, and the average reader is a confirmed lover, if not exactly of the author, as in Fontenelle's simile, certainly of these themes.

Rajaji himself remarks somewhere that he greatly enjoyed writing these two books, and regards, with a certain justifiable pride, his writing them as the best service he had rendered to his countrymen Both the books have had generous reception from the reading public, and have been translated into English[1] and into some other languages too

I shall hereafter confine myself to his Tamil *Ramayana*, entitled *Chakravarti Thirumagan*, which received the Sahitya Akademi Award recently, and which it is my main purpose here to review[1] In the history of literature there have been few human documents that have inspired and moved such large masses of people, and over such long time, as the *Ramayana* In Rajaji's book, at the end of a very touching scene, namely after Jatayu had fought an unequal battle trying to rescue Sita from the hands of Ravana, like the gallant knights of the romances, and had been mortally wounded, Rajaji pauses for one of his usual asides I give it in his English translation, which has not, however, quite the flavour of the Tamil original "To millions of men, women and children in India, the *Ramayana* is not a mere tale It has more truth and meaning than the events in one's own life Just as plants grow under the influence of sunlight, the people of India grow in mental strength and culture by absorbing the glowing inspiration of the *Ramayana*"

This being so, any readable book on such an intensely human theme would naturally find appreciative response There

[1] A review in English of a book written in a different language has naturally some handicaps When I started writing this review I did the translations myself of the portions from the Tamil text which I wanted to quote Then I remembered that Rajaji himself had done the translation to English I have now adopted his wording in all the quotations.

is a tradition that wherever Rama's praises are sung, Hanuman is present there with reverently folded arms enjoying the song and deeply moved by it. It should be remembered that Hanuman is a great connoisseur, and the tradition prefers, significantly, to remain silent as to who the singer is, or how well he sings It is a way of paying tribute to the universality of the appeal of this intensely human story

When such a moving story is retold by one of our leading prose writers, and one of our best storytellers, the appeal is naturally very wide.

The story originally appeared as a series of articles in the Tamil weekly 'Kalki,' and concluded with a feeling epilogue, which reveals, even more than his many interludes in the book, the very human side of Rajaji, with which many of us may not be familiar The epilogue begins with a casual, but very appropriate remark by Mahatmaji on the *Ramayana* "On one occasion," writes Rajaji, "Gandhiji and I were talking about a girl very dear to both of us I said 'How did she get all these ideas and phrases of love without having read any of present day love stories?' Gandhiji said in answer, 'But has she not read the *Ramayana*? Is the *Ramayana* not a love story too?' This struck me as profound"

In this epilogue Rajaji mentions the kind of audience he had in view when he wrote the book "A word to the children who read these chapters I have told the story of the Prince of Ayodhya mainly for your sake Grown up people may read Valmiki and Kamban Those who know to sing can render with joy the sweet songs on Rama given to us by Thyagaraja[1] But this story that I have told can be read direct by you, children, without anyone's help

"You should look upon Rama, Lakshmana and Hanuman like

[1] Though in the epilogue Thyagaraja figures along with the immortal trio, Valmiki, Kamban and Tulsidas, I have not come across any references to Thyagaraja in the body of the book.

your own fathers and elder brothers who are by your side ever eager to help you Grow to be like Bharata, Lakshmana and Hanuman, good and brave souls, full of love and strength

"Mothers too, I know, have been reading this story with joy This has been a great encouragement to me They can understand why I have told the story in simple words and short sentences for the sake of our children Everything we do, we do for the sake of our children, do we not? Only women can realize and re-live the experiences and feelings of Sita The story of Sita as told by Valmiki and Kamban can be fully appreciated only by women Only they can fully appreciate the courage of Jatayu and the prowess of Hanuman Sita's sorrows have not ended with the *Ramayana* They go on, still, in the lives of our women"

A page later in the same epilogue appears the following significant paragraph "Rain falling from the heavens flows into the rivers and flows down to join the sea Again from the sea the water is sucked up by the sun and rises to the sky, whence it descends again as rain and flows down as rivers Even so, feelings and values rise from the people, and touching the poet's heart, are transformed into poem which, in turn, enlightens and inspires the people Thus in every land the poets and their people continuously reinforce each other Whether the epics and songs of a nation spring from the faith and ideas of the common folk, or whether a nation's faith and ideas are produced by its literature, is a question which one is free to answer as one likes Does a plant spring from the seed or does seed issue from the plant? Was the bird or the egg the first cause? Did clouds rise from the sea or was the sea filled by the waters in the sky? All such inquiries take us to the feet of God transcending speech and thought"

India has probably been the fountainhead from which some of the best classic stories have been drawn, and these stories almost always carry a moral The many episodes in the *Ramayana* are treated similarly by Rajaji, and he frequently pauses, either to make some relevant and pointed comments, or to draw a parallel,

or more frequently to draw a moral Since he follows closely Valmiki, some of these pauses may be to introduce a variant from Kamban or Tulsidas, and to offer comments on the appropriateness of the variant, and to pull out a moral too "In every episode of the *Ramayana*," writes Rajaji in one of his asides, "some lesson which we should learn for our daily life is taught The meaning is in some places plain, in others it may be hidden If we read with reverence and deeply, we can always see the moral."

In another context, after the memorable meeting of Bharata and Rama, Rajaji makes again a similar comment "In this episode, when Bharata meets Rama, we read in Valmiki a long lecture on the art of government, delivered by Rama to his brother Often in our epics, we come across such long dissertations on politics or morality Modern fiction gives high priority to narrative vigour, dramatic suspense and surprise In old works, in addition to plenty of these qualities, there were generous doses of didacticism "

Thus even in this practice of pausing frequently to make some pertinent comments, Rajaji can claim precedent in Valmiki, though naturally the comments in most places are his own, and not reproductions of Valmiki's

I should like to quote here a few typical ones

"The Devas are generally good, and those among them who swerved from the path of righteousness paid the price for it There was no separate code of conduct for the Devas,

"Wedded to virtue as the Devas generally were, lapses on their part appear big to us like stains on white cloth The Rakshasas' evil deeds are taken for granted and do not attract much attention, like stains on black cloth "

"The lesson of the Ahalya episode is that, however deadly one's sin, one may hope to be freed from its consequence by penitence and punishment Instead of condemning others for their sins,

we should look within our own hearts and try to purify them of every evil thought The best of us have need for eternal vigilance, if we would escape sin"

"Viswamitra may be said to be the foundation of the grand temple of Rama's story After Rama's wedding in Mithila, we do not see him again It should be noted that characters who play a leading role in one canto of Valmiki almost fade out in subsequent cantos Viswamitra who dominates the *Bala Kanda* does not appear again Similarly Kaikeyi and Guha are prominent only in *Ayodhya Kanda* The same thing can be said of Bharata, whom we do not come across in the chapters intervening between the Chitrakuta meeting and Rama's return to Ayodhya The poet hardly brings Bharata before our eyes during the period of Rama's distress The characters in Valmiki *Ramayana* (unlike those in the *Mahabharata* and in ordinary plays and novels) do not present themselves off and on. Critics should bear this general characteristic of Valmiki's epic in mind"

"In the *Ramayana* Sumitra is a woman of few words and mature wisdom and great tact and infinite courage, full of faith, in whom 'hope shines like a flame when it has gone out in all others' The tradition is that Sumitra knew Rama's divinity and the purpose of his incarnation and that this enabled her not only to comfort Kausalya but to see a holy ministration in Lakshmana's sharing Rama's exile"

"From this we can understand the meaning of what the *Shastras* and the *Kural* say about Truth Truthfulness should be such that it needlessly hurts no being in the world. The test for right conduct including truthfulness is harmlessness This does not mean that truth is underrated."

"In those days as now it was hard for a son to prove that he knew nothing of a scheme carried out by his mother for his benefit"

"Here, Kamban beautifully sings how Kausalya shed tears of joy over Bharata and embraced him imagining that Rama himself had returned from the forest. Kausalya said amidst her sobs:

'Many were your ancestors who attained fame. You have surpassed them all in glory by renouncing the kingship that has come to you. You are indeed King among Kings!' "

"The Kausalya and Bharata portrayed by Kamban embody a culture May these heroic figures and that culture live forever in the land of Bharata."

"The story of Bharata in the *Ramayana* portraying a character of unrivalled purity and sublime selflessness is something more than an episode, and stands out by itself even in that noble epic as holy shrines do on the banks of the Ganga. It uplifts the heart, and gives one a glimpse of the heights to which human nature can rise when cleansed by love and devotion. Whether Rama and Bharata were incarnations of the Deity or merely supreme creations of a nation's imagination this episode is among the masterpieces of the world's literature."

"We bring with us into this world as our inborn gifts some wisdom and reverence This gift is always in us and though sometimes obscured by prejudice or passion it keeps alive the divine in man which prevents him from reeling back into the beast."

"If one observes a cow guarding her calf and scattering a whole crowd of men, one can realize the power of love Love is a supreme quality which according to occasion manifests itself in diverse heroic forms—such as valour and self-sacrifice, just like gold which can be changed for silver or goods or other things of value When God assumes human form and is engaged in fulfilling His promise to save the helpless, His limitless power comes into play"

"All the women in our land who suffer sorrow in any way are so many replicas of Sita. May all the men be, like Hanuman, pure and heroic helpers of such suffering women!"

"On such occasions, when a character has to recapitulate past events, we can see Valmiki's skill in re-telling the story in beautiful words. This is a source of special pleasure to those who read

the *Ramayana*.. They do not dislike such repetitions. Indeed it is one of the special charms in a large epic."

"I am subject to the laws of nature," says the Ocean, "like the earth, the air, space, light and all constituents of the Universe. How can I depart from my nature, which is to be vast, deep, wave-filled, impassable?"

"Valmiki puts into the mouth of the Ocean," comments Rajaji, "a fundamental of our religious philosophy He explains the primordeal relationship between God and Nature God's law operates in and through Nature The laws of Nature were created so that the Universe may proceed by itself . . The five elements, all objects without life, as well as all living creatures, must follow their own permanent laws

"Nature itself is a witness to God. He is not proved by a suspension of the laws of Nature."

"But the most impressive character in the great epic (Milton's *Paradise Lost*) is Satan, who rebelled against God and brought sin and death into this world Critics of English poetry admire Milton's wonderful success in the characterization of Satan. Similarly, the great dramatic poet Shakespeare had created a wonderful character in Shylock, the usurer and miser Even such embodiments of despicable qualities are presented by the poets as possessing courage, determination, energy and other good qualities which attract us and serve as a bright background to their blackness In Valmiki's portraits of Ravana and Kumbhakarna too, we notice the same artistic skill."

"Ravana's self-indulgent vanity would not let him admit his error or retrace his steps. Very rarely does one who has committed a sin confess defeat. It requires some courage of a bad sort to commit a sin, but it requires much greater courage of a noble kind to confess it.

"It was this nobler courage that Ravana lacked. When an evil is being perpetrated, the friends of the evil-doer face a difficult

problem. Some are constrained against their better judgement to espouse the wrong cause through gratitude for past kindness, a sense of loyalty, or affinities of blood Others think it their duty to try and reform the sinner, regardless of his anger and hatred and consequent danger to themselves, and if their efforts fail, they part company from the sinner, rather than abandon *dharma* and give their support to the sinner who persists in his crime

"In the *Ramayana,* Kumbhakarna and Vibhishana represent these two different types "

"In the Vaishnava tradition, this episode, in which Vibhishana is taken by the Prince into his camp and innermost council, is held to be as important as the *Bhagavad Gita* episode in the *Mahabharata*

"It illustrates the doctrine that the Lord accepts all who in absolute surrender seek shelter at His feet, regardless of their merits or defects Their sins are burnt out by the mere act of surrender This is a message of hope to erring humanity It is the heart of the Vaishnava faith that there is hope for the worst of us if only we surrender ourselves to the Lord."

When I was reading this paragraph in Rajaji's book, I was provoked to ask "Why such a restriction? Is it not the faith that Valmiki expounds? Does he not make his hero affirm in unambiguous language[1] 'I cannot reject anyone who comes to me for protection This is my *dharma* If Ravana himself came to me I could not reject him'?"

I was soon to regret this hasty interruption of mine, and felt greatly relieved and indeed happy when I read the next paragraph, which took me off my feet, and whose wording is as though in answer to my hasty query The paragraph reads thus: "But why should I restrict this doctrine to the Vaishnava tradition? Is not this the heart of all the religious tradition in our

[1] This quotation also is in Rajaji's words

land, yes, and of all the religions in the world? Every world teacher stresses this certainty of relief and redemption. It is not to Arjuna only that Krishna said 'Have no fear, cast off all doubt, I shall destroy all your sins' Wherever in the world God has spoken to mankind in a human voice, He has given this assurance "

Nay, more is to follow in this strain. On a later page we find Sita remonstrating with Hanuman on behalf of the Rakshasis: "No, my son, who in the world is blameless? It is the part of noble souls to be compassionate towards all sinners as well as good people"

"These words of Sita," adds Rajaji with some feeling, "are treasured like nectar by generations of pious men"

As I mentioned earlier, Rajaji follows closely Valmiki, and where he chooses a variant from either Kamban or Tulsidas, he does so explicitly and generally explains his choice There is a chapter on Surpanakha, which is based wholly on Kamban, and there are short references throughout the book to both Kamban and Tulsidas

In a greatly condensed book like the present, one naturally expects many omissions from the original. Most of the readers would warmly endorse Rajaji's omission of the whole of the *Uttara Kanda*, and of almost all the battle scenes in the *Yuddha Kanda* Most of the other omissions too are unavoidable in such an abridged version

There are, however, a few exceptions. I personally miss for example the *Kapothopakhyana* in the *Yuddha Kanda*, which is told by Rama in just two verses It is a complete poem by itself and is a model of short, crisp, condensed writing, and it reveals Rama's humane personality much more effectively than chapters about him When Rama proceeds to affirm with sincere humility that since it has not been given to him to emulate the distinguished example of the Kapotha (the pigeon in the story), he would at least try to follow the precepts of the great *Rishi* Kandu, one

sees both Rama and Valmiki at their best This is an episode which will linger long in one's memory and which in course of time will come to occupy a good part of the canvas. I wish it had been included in the book.

Similarly Sita's confession to Anasuya, namely that her husband happened to have all the desirable human virtues, and her embarrassment that she would never be able, for that reason, to convince others that she would have loved him equally well even if he had none of these virtues, are sentiments which I am sure Rajaji would have loved to elaborate

I wish also to refer here, but not without hesitation, to a frequently recurring theme in Rajaji's book, whether Valmiki intended his reader to be aware of Rama's being an *avatar* In both Kamban and Tulsidas, the authors rarely miss a chance to emphasize it Indeed they highlight it in almost every chapter To any dispassionate reader, there is hardly any doubt that Valmiki too did intend his hero to be taken as a divine incarnation Rajaji concedes this, but frequently expresses sentiments like these "In Valmiki's work Rama is portrayed as a great and unique man and not as an incarnation of God True, in some chapters there are references to him as an *avatar* of God, but in the body of the narrative Rama pictured by Sage Valmiki is not God Himself, but a great prince endowed with divine qualities "

"Valmiki delineates Rama as a hero rather than as an *avatar* "

"All Valmiki's characters are human beings, with heightened human qualities It is only under great stress or in exceptional circumstances that divinity shines faintly through the human nature."

These are typical quotations, where distinction is sought to be made by Rajaji between Rama as an incarnation of God and Rama as "a human being with heightened human qualities " In the background of the distinction that is sought to be made between these two pictures it should be remembered that both

these pictures are Valmiki's and they both depict the same person, namely the hero of the *Ramayana* The obvious moral that I would draw therefrom is that according to Valmiki, it is the very human qualities that are supposed to embellish the latter picture, that justify the former Rama fulfils himself as an incarnation of God by being human among the humans His divinity is only heightened by his choosing to be born among men, *Sa u shreyaan bhavati jaayamaanah* The human qualities for which Rama is held in high esteem are also the attributes of divinity In this context one may recall that Hanuman preferred to stay back in this world to be able to recapture the memories of Rama's sojourn among men, and confesses "*Bhavo naanyathra gachhathi*, even if my body were to be transported elsewhere, my mind would always stay here"

The two pictures would need reconciling only when divinity is conceived in the abstract, as devoid of all attributes, and therefore of human attributes too, hence the conclusion I would draw from the two pictures of Valmiki is that this is not Valmiki's concept of divinity To him the two pictures would harmonize naturally, and the question of reconciling them would not arise They are both pictures of one and the same Rama who is divine and who fulfils his divinity by his choosing to sojourn among men on earth Divinity has its obligations too, and justifies itself only by fulfilling them, and an *avatar* is pre-eminently a way of fulfilling them.

Before I conclude I may mention in passing that the choice of the title for the Tamil book, namely *Chakravarti Thirumagan* is a felicitous one It is the name by which Rama would himself have liked to be remembered, out of gratitude to his great father, who without knowing it, or meaning it, helped Rama to fulfil himself For the same reason, Sita frequently introduces herself in Valmiki by this relationship to Dasaratha, *Snusha Dasarathasyaaham* Valmiki, with commendable delicacy, respects this sentiment of his hero, and proceeds to compare him with Dasaratha, *gunair dasarathopamah!* There is a story told of a great teacher throwing up his hands in despair when he had to get this across to a student, who was distinguished but had no

sense of humour The readers too cherish this name for its many associations, and the *mangala sloka* also chooses to refer to him by this cherished name. *Chakravarthi thanujaaya saarvabhaumaaya mangalam*

K S Krishnan

Atish-e-Gul

by Jigar Moradabadi

Jigar has been a myth. He has always commanded the respect and popularity of a hero. The ecstasy, abandon and exuberance of his poetry, the vigour of his personality, the melody of his voice and the enchanting manner of his recitation, even his erstwhile infatuation with wine has been a craze with the younger generation of his times. He moulded the youth, conquered every *mushaira* and greatly influenced the revival of the *ghazal*.

Born in 1890 at Moradabad (U.P.), Ali Sikandar 'Jigar' started writing poetry under the influence of the sensuous and lyrical Dagh Dehlavi. *Dagh-e-Jigar,* his first collection, appeared in 1928 which contained mostly love-lyrics radiant with sensuous and voluptuous romance.

Between 1928 and 1936, when his second collection, *Shola-e-Toor,* appeared in print, his popularity reached its peak. He sang of love and wine with an ecstasy and abandon all his own. But in the later lyrics, the influence of Asghar Gondavi, the mystic *ghazal*-writer whom Jigar has always deemed his master, has been evident. Jigar's love gradually transcended the sensuous and physical plane. This restraint and discipline enriched the tenderness of his expression and gave his love-lyrics a halo of supersensuous grace.

With the publication of his third collection *Atish-e-Gul,* Jigar reached the culmination of his romantic journey. Transcending the sensuous plane, he stops to think over the whole drama of romance, its agony and joy, its melancholy and glory and this deep deliberation rises to lyrical heights in the course of his *ghazals*. With *Atish-e-Gul,* Jigar widens the horizon of the *ghazal* and surpasses his past glory attaining a new sublimity of thought and a fresh grace of style.

Jigar has been among the Big Four who put the *ghazal* back on

the literary map of the modern age Ever since Hali, critics have been emphasizing the serious limitations of *ghazal*, its conventional imagery, worn-out symbolism, deep subjectivity and fragmentary thinking which hinder intellectual coherence and expression of individual experiences

It was Hasrat who brought classical simplicity and the haunting note of romantic melancholy (*soz-o-gudaz*) back to *ghazal* Fani Badayuni lent it the philosophical coherence of pessimism and Asghar Gondavi rendered into *ghazal* an all-pervasive mystic vision with all the warmth, grace and voluptuousness of physical love

Jigar surpassed them all at least in abandon and emotional vehemence. He sang of love and wine but his beverage was not conventional He sang of them because he lived in them He lived his poetry as no other poet has done For him the boundaries of life and art overlap

In fact, it is this magic touch of sincerity which sets his *ghazals* aglow with radiance and vigour To him, real and genuine experience was poetry. He has led a colourful life His love of wine has been proverbial Hence his poetry overflows with real experience and was not heavy with conventionalism Even when talking in traditional symbols of *Saqi*, *Rind* and *Maikhana* he fills them with pristine sincerity and the warmth of genuine experience.

Love, of course, remains the pivotal value of his poetry To him, love is the essence of creation It is not merely a sensuous experience but a complicated and complete emotion which throws open the secrets of existence to human understanding

For Jigar, Love is not pleasure but sorrow It is only suffering and sorrow which provide the unifying link to all the diverse elements

Gham hai kya zeena-e-sifat-o-zat
Gham naheen hai to arzoo na hayat.

"What is sorrow, after all, but a staircase of the self and the qualifications Without sorrow, there will be neither desire nor life"

He, therefore, values separation and distance more than communion for it is only through the ordeals of separation that one learns to discipline one's emotions and to understand the secrets of the universe It is sorrow alone which teaches the lesson of humanism, fraternity and self-respect.

Ek shahid-e-mani-o-soorat ke milne ki tamanna sab ko hai
Ham uske na milne par hain fida lekin yeh mazaq-e-aam naheen
"Everyone yearns for the communication of the beloved of form and substance, but we are in love with his separation though it is not the common way"

Naturally, this conception of love sheds new light on the lover and the beloved. Jigar sings of a lover not servile and submissive but self-respecting and self-sacrificing who has of his own free will chosen to play the Shiva of the Universe and has emptied the cup of earthly miseries down to the last drop

Again, this almost metaphysical romance also calls for a beloved who is not indifferent or cruel but shares equally the melancholy of love Apparently aloof, the beloved, nevertheless, lends warmth and colour to the rigours of love The portrayal of these romantic subtleties and the new orientation of love mark his major contributions to Urdu poetry These scattered couplets deserve attention

Baithe hain bazm-e-dost men gumshudagan-e-husn-e-dost,
Ishq hai aur talab naheen naghma hai aur sada naheen
"Seated before the Beloved are those lost in the Beauty itself There is love without a request, and the melody without any sound."

Woh hazaar dushman-e-jan sahi mujhe ghair phir bhi azeez hai
Jise khak-e-paa tiri chhu gai woh bura bhi ho to bura naheen

"He may be my enemy, but I hold my rival dear for even the villain will not remain bad after being touched by the dust of your feet"

Han han tujhe kya kaam miri shiddat-e-gham se,
Han han naheen mujh ko tire daman ki hawa yad
"Yes, what have you to do with my intense sorrow Yes, I do not remember the kindness of the air of your robe"

Abhi hai dil ko muqam-e-supardagi se gurez,
Ek aur bhi sahi gesue-ambareen men shikan.
"My heart is still far from complete submission One more curve, then, in thy scented tufts"

Jigar is deeply conscious of the crisis of character of mankind along with the incessant technological advance and the steady march of civilization Culture and civilization appear to Jigar as mere pose if they fail to affect the inner self of the individual.

Sincerity of belief and uprightness of character are still rare Jigar has repeatedly warned us against this growing contradiction between material advance and internal crisis of human values, which can be termed as ethical

Taskheer-e-mehr-o-maah mubarak tujhe magar
Dil men naheen agar to kaheen roshani naheen
"Blessed are the conquests of the Sun and the Moon but if there is darkness in Heart, there will be no light anywhere"

Kahan se barh ke pahoonche hain kahan tak ilm-o-fan saqi,
Magar asooda insan ka na tan saqi na man saqi
"Human knowledge has reached to inconceivable heights but there is no solace still either for the human body or to heart'

Jehl-e-khirad ne din ye dikhaye,
Ghat gae insan barh gae saye
"The ignorance of Wisdom has brought us to this day Man has lost stature and his shadows have lengthened."

His analysis of the national problems also broadly conforms with this pattern. He wrote his first topical poem on the Bengal Famine in 1943 which at once reveals sincerity of emotion and intensity of feeling along with his capability to maintain his lyricism while writing on topics other than romantic

Then followed his poems on communal riots, the declaration of Indian Republic and on the diverse problems which followed in the wake of Independence The basic note of all these poems, however, remains the search of Man, the quest of sincerity, uprightness, human love and understanding

Jigar is highly critical of double-thinking and hypocricy His poem on the martyrdom of Gandhiji singles out Mahatma's sincerity and universal love as his basic characteristics But perhaps, the best and the most significant of his poems in this respect are 'Awazen' and 'Saqi se Khitab,' in which he unveils the crisis of our national character and calls for honesty of purpose and integrity

His large-hearted humanism, all-pervasive love and single-minded devotion to sincerity and upright character give his poetry the halo of a lyrical mission

Lyricism is inherent in Jigar's poetry Words come to him as musical notes effortlessly, almost spontaneously In sheer musical delight he excels all his contemporaries. Word to him is not a mere indication of meaning but a wonderland of melody and colour.

He has also used with great success many devices and mannerisms of expression His powerful imagination gives new meaning to old symbols. He knows how to leave a significant portion of the statement unsaid to enhance the beauty of expression He is also deeply conscious of his similes and metaphors and he knows the art of giving them a new look And above all, he understands the grace of spontaneity and effortlessness

Jigar Moradabadi will go down in the annals of literary history

as one of the most significant lyricists of his age whose poetry inculcates new zest for life and a great passion for the higher values of culture.

Mohammad Hasan

READERS MAY NOTE

Sri Tarasankar Banerji has sent the following corrections in his article on the 'Stories of Prabhat Kumar Mukherji,' published in Vol 2, No. 1 of Indian Literature

On page 63, lines 7 to 12 in para 1 should read as follows. "(His transfer to the Telegraph Directorate in Calcutta made an acquaintance) *with the Tagore family, who began to like Prabhat Kumar They wanted to help him and it was arranged that Satyendranath Tagore would provide Prabhat Kumar with the wherewithal to go to England to qualify for the Bar*"

In the next paragraph, lines 16 to 22 should read only as follows: "(Lest she raised any objection he did not divulge his plans to her) *He was also a widower at that time* (He returned home to India after three years in England, duly qualified to practise as a barrister.)

Other sentences in the paragraph should be deleted."

— *Ed.*

Books in Hindi

In November 1956 Sahitya Akademi had organised an Exhibition of Indian Literature where books in all the major languages of India covering a variety of subjects were exhibited. Each language section formed a sort of visual bibliography of the reading material available in that language, excluding ephemeral literature. The bibliography was by no means complete, since only such books as were available in the market or on loan from libraries could be exhibited. But such as it was, the effort was widely commended and many scholars and lovers of books suggested that the lists of books exhibited subject-wise should be printed for the benefit of the general reader. It is in response to this request that these lists are being published serially and language-wise, in alphabetical order Assamese, Bengali and Gujarati books were published in the previous three numbers respectively

It is important to bear in mind that the lists include only a part of books as were actually exhibited. But even then no claim is made as to their bibliographical value A full and proper bibliography of books published in Indian languages in the twentieth century is under preparation and is expected to be ready shortly.

Our thanks are due to many publishers, booksellers and individuals and, in particular, to the following institutions which had kindly lent the books for the Exhibition Abbreviations used in the list of rare manuscripts and books are indicated against the names of institutions

Bihar Rashtrabhasha Parishad, Patna	BRP
National Library, Calcutta	NLC
Nagari Pracharini Sabha, Kashi	NPS
Serampur College, Serampur	SC
Sri Krishan Pustakalaya, Patna	SKP

Language

Hindi is the language commonly understood in Northern India and spoken by the largest single majority of Indians.

The word 'Hindi' is of Persian origin and meant the people of India as also the language spoken by them Until 1194 A.D., there is no record of any language being known in India by the name of Hindi Al Beruni, who visited India in the middle of the 10th century called his book *Tahqiq-i-Hind* (Discovery of India)

The literary form of the Indo-Aryan language was called Sanskrit and the spoken one Prakrit. In course of time when the Prakrit itself assumed the position of a literary language, the spoken language came to be named Apabhramsa (a fallen language) by Sanskrit grammarians. In the tertiary stage of Prakrit (100 A.D.), the dialects and early forms of Hindi descended from Sauraseni Apabhramsa The four important early literary forms of Hindi are immortalized by poets like Vidyapati, Meerabai, Surdas and Tulasidas (Maithili, Rajasthani, Brij Bhasha and Avadhi)

According to Rahul Sankrityayan, the earliest poet of Hindi was Sarahapa (760 A.D) But modern Hindi or Khari Boli has its first noted author in Amir Khusro of the 13th century The earliest printed book in Hindi which was available for the Exhibition was lent by National Library It was *Essays by the students of Fort William College* dated 1802 A D But printing in Hindi was not fully developed till the end of the 19th century The records show that only 208 books were printed in 1892 A.D The Nagari Pracharini Sabha was established the next year. Today Hindi claims the largest number of books published in any Indian language. So, it was very difficult to select the best out of thousands of Hindi books In the Exhibition 1 912 books were actually exhibited A list of nearly 1,000 books out of the same is being published here

A brief sketch of the hisotry of Hindi Literature is being presented

HINDI LITERATURE

The history of Hindi literature is generally divided in the following four periods. Adi-Kal (the Age of Formation) 700 A D to 1300 A.D, Bhakti-Kal (the Age of Devotion) 1300 A.D. to 1650

A.D., Reeti-Kal (the Age of Rhetorics) 1650 A.D to 1850 A.D., and Adhunik Kal (the Modern Age) 1850 A D onwards.

The characteristics of the first period have been described by Hazariprasad Dwivedi as a philosophical re-awakening and search for a new language, influenced by later Buddhists and the Siddhas of Nath-Sampradaya These poets further influenced the poets of the Nirguna school in the Age of Devotion 'Doha-kosh' of Sarahapad, recently edited by Rahul Sankrityayan, throws much light on the Apabhramsa poetry of this period The later period of the early age is described by Ramachandra Shukla as 'Charan-Kal' (the bardic period) This period is characterized by poets like Chand Bardai (*c* 1168-1182 A D) who wrote *Prithviraj Rasau* in 'pingal', a name of Brij-Bhasha There were also other popular poets like Jagnik (c 1173 A.D) who wrote the famous ballad 'Alha'.

Then followed the great period of the masters of devotional lyrics and epics. Vidyapati (*c* 1303 A D.), Kabir (*c* 1400 A.D), Malik Muhammad Jaisi (*c* 1463 A.D.), Kutban (*c* 1500 A D), Mirabai (*c* 1516 A.D), Surdas (*c* 1520 A.D), Dadu (*c.* 1544 A D) and Tulasidas (*c* 1526 A D)

With Keshavadas (1555-1617 A D), the Age of Stylization or Rhetorics followed. There were many talented poets like Deva, Bihari, Matiram and Padmakar, who enriched the decorative aspect of Hindi poetry

With John Gilchrist who made arrangements to prepare books in Hindi prose in the Fort William College in 1803 A D, the modern age was heralded. Bharatendu Harishchandra (1850-1883 A D) was the pioneer of modern Hindi literature. Acharya Mahavir-prasad Dwivedi (1868-1938 A.D) with his *Saraswati* in 1904 A.D. made Hindi prose standardized In the field of prose, in fiction and drama, the two important names in the modern age are of Premchand (1880-1936 A.D) and Jaishankar 'Prasad' (1889-1937 A.D) The number of contemporary writers is legion, as will be seen from the list of books that follows.

P Machwe

RARE MANUSCRIPTS AND BOOKS

1 *Chitra-Kavyas* Jali Bandha, Mukut Bandha, Mridanga Bandha, Sinhasanaphalaka Bandha, Chamar Bandha, Darpan Bandha, Sankal Bandha, SKP
2 A Letter of late Mahavir Prasad Dwivedi, NPS
3 A Letter of Shyam Sunder Das written to Lalli Prasad Pandeya with an original article regarding Acharya Mahavir Prasad Dwivedi, NPS
4 Original manuscript of *Kaya-Kalpa* (10th April, 1924) by Prem Chand and original manuscript of *Shatranj ke Khelari* by Prem Chand, NPS
5 The manuscript of the preface by Acharya Ram Chandra Shukla of Bhuvaneshwar Madhav's book on Bhakti (20 12 1933)
6 *Rajniti*, Tr. from Hitopadesh Author anonymous, SKP
7 *Prachin Bharatiya Lipimala* by G H Ojha (Lent by the courtesy of Gulab Chand Jain)
8 *Bharati Bhusan*, a book on Alankar-nirupan written by Arjun Das Kedia, NPS
9 *Hari Charit* by Lalach Das, 1470, BRP
10 *Sudama Charitra* by Haldhar Das, calligraphed in Kaithi script and illustrated in Mughal Qalam in 1546, SKP
11 *Sudama Charitra* by Haldhar Das, 1555, BRP
12 *Hitopodesh* by Padma Das (Tr), 1709, BRP
13. *Narsinha Charitra* by Goswami Govardhan Lal, 1711, BRP
14 Manuscript in Persio-Arabic script of Malik Mohammed Jayasi's *Padmavat*, 16th century (Manuscript dated 1723 A.D) (Lent by V S Agrawal, Banaras University, Varanasi)
15 *Shabda-Kavita* by Daryadas Bihari (A Book on Nirguna Philosophy), 1780, BRP
16 *Pandavacharitarnava* by Devi Das, 1785
17 *Shiv-Sagar* by Shivnath Das, 1793, BRP
18 Essays by the students of the College of the Fort William, 1802, NLC
19 Kalidasa's *Shakuntala Nataka* (Tr) in Roman script, 1804, SC
20 *Bihari Satsai* ,1819, SC
21. *Life of Christ*, 1838, SC
22 *Jaimini-Puran* by Premdas, 1954
23 Book on Geography, 1855, SC
24 *Sevak Bani* by Bhagwan Muditju, calligraphed in 1863 A.D (Lent by the courtesy of Brajajivan Lal, Patna)
25 *Ustabanirnaya* (*Bhasha Tithi Nirnaya*) by Prabhu Nath, calligraphed in 1865, SKP
26. *Akshar Deepika* by Srilal Reader, 1873

27 *Prabin Sagar* by Mehram Sinhji — Thakor Sahib of Rajkot, 1882 (Lent by the courtesy of Keshoram Shastri, Ahmedabad)
28 *A Grammar of Hindi Language* by Rev S H Kellogg, D.D., L.L.D , 1893 (Lent by Jawaharlal Chaturvedi, Mathura).
29 Horoscope of Bhartendu Harishchandra by Sudhakar Dwivedi, 1884.
30 *Raskusumakar* by Maharaja Pratap Narain Singh Bahadur, 1894, NPS
31 *Satsai of Bihari* by Lallulal Misra, 1896
32 *Chaturashi Padavali* by Hit Harivans Rad with Kali Dipika, Comments by Goswami Hitmanohar Ballabhji, calligraphed in 1896 (Lent by the courtesy of Brajajivan Lal, Patna).
33 *Nagarasamuchchaya* by Nagaridas, 1898 (Lent by the courtesy of Jawaharlal Chaturvedi, Mathura)
34 *Prithviraj Rasau* by Chand Bardai, 1908, NPS
35 *Kavi-Priya* by Keshavadas (16th century) Manuscript calligraphed in 1916
36 *Prem Prakash* (collection of poems) by Prem Kavi (Goswami Govardhan Lal), 1916 (Lent by the courtesy of Brajajivan Lal, Patna)

Agriculture

1 *Bharat Men Gay*, Pt. I-II, Tr S C Dasgupta
2 *Dhan Ki Kheti*, Shankar Rao Joshi
3 *Goseva*, Tr Gandhiji
4 *Goseva, Ki Vichardhara*, Radhakrishna Bajaj
5 *Gramshala Gram-Gyan*, Shaligram Pathik
6 *Ikh Aur Chini*, Phuldev Sahai Verma
7 *Khuraq Ki Kami Aur Kheti*, Tr Gandhiji
8. *Krishi-Shastra*, Narain Dulichand Vyas
9 *Krishi-Vigyan*, Hem Chandra Joshi
10. *Ved Men Krishi-Vidya*, S.D. Satavalekar

Astronomy

1 *Bharatiya Jyotish Ka Itihas*, Gorakh Prasad
2 *Kal Bodh*, Thakur Shiv Kumar Singh

Autobiography

1. *Adhe Raste Sidhi Chadhan, Swapna Siddhi Ki Khoj Men*, Tr K.M. Munshi
2 *Ap-Biti*, Bhai Parmanand.
3 *Atma Katha*, Tr. Lala Lajpatrai.

4 *Atma Katha*, Tr Gandhiji
5 *Atma Katha*, Rajendra Prasad
6 *Chand Suraj Ke Biran*, Devendra Satyarthi
7 *Gorki Ki Atma-Katha*, Tr Maxim Gorki
8 *Jivan Jhanki*, Mahatma Bhagwan Din
9 *Jivan-Yatra*, Rahul Sankrityayan.
10 *Mera Bachpan*, Tr Rabindra Nath Tagore
11 *Mera Jivan-Pravah*, Viyogi Hari
12 *Mera Sahityik Jivan*, Bhagwan Das Kela
13 *Meri Atma-Katha*, Satyadev Parivrajak
14 *Meri Kahani*, Tr Jawaharlal Nehru
15 *Meri Mukti Ki Kahani*, Tr Leo Tolstoy
16 *Parivrajak Ki Praja*, Santipriya Dwivedi
17 *Sadhana Ke Path Par*, Haribhau Upadhyaya

BIOGRAPHY

1 *Bharat Nirmata*, Krishna Vallabh Dwivedi
2 *Bharat-bhakt Andrews*, Bharatiya Hridaya
3 *Do Khudai Khidmatgar*, Tr. Mahadev Desai
4 *Gandhi Aur Stalin*, Tr Louis Fischer
5 *Ganesh Shankar Vidyarthi*, Dev Vrat
6 *Lenin*, Rahul Sankrityayan
7 *Lokmanya Tilak*, Bhimrao Gopal Deshpande
8 *Lokmanya Tilak*, Pandurang Ganesh Deshpande

BOOKS ABOUT OTHER LANGUAGES

1 *Acharya Kshemendra*, Manohar Lal Gaur
2 *Adan-Pradan*, Varanasi Rammurti Renu
3 *Akbar Allahabadi*, Aijaz Hussain
4 *Angrezi Sahitya Ki Rooprekha*, Bhagavat Sharan Upadhyaya.
5 *Angrezi Sahitya Ka Itihas*, S P Khatri
6 *Arabi Kavya Darshan*, Mahesh Prasad Maulvi Alim Fazil
7 *Avadhi Aur Uska Sahitya*, Triloki Narain Dixit
8 *Bangla Aur Uska Sahitya*, Hanskumar Tiwari
9 *Bangla Ke Adhunik Kavi*, Manmath Nath Gupta
10 *Bangla Sahitya Ki Katha*, Sukumar Sen
11 *Bharatiya Vangmeya Ke Amar Ratna*, Jaichandra Vidyalankar
12 *Diwan-e-Ghalib*, Mahmud Ahmed Hunar
13 *Diwan-e-Zafar*, Balmukund Mishra
14 *Dharti Ki Karvat*, Firaq Gorakhpuri
15 *French Swayam-Shikshak*, Satyaketu Vidyalankar
16 *Ghalib Ki Shairi*, Brij Behari Lal Shrivastava
17 *Gulistan*, Zahoor Bakhsha.

18 *Harsh Charitra Ek Adhyayan*, Vasudev Sharan Agrawal.
19 *Hindi-Bangla Shikshak*, 'Nirala'.
20 *Hindi-Gujarati Swayam-Shikshak*, 'Kamalesh'
21 *Hindi-Marathi Swayam-Shikshak*, M T Kulkarni
22 *Indra-Dhanush*, Firaq Gorakhpuri
23. *Iqbal Aur Unki Shairi*, Hiralal Chopra.
24 *Iran Ke Sufi Kavi*, Bankey Behari Kanhaiyalal.
25 *Kavi-Shri*, Tr Kalidas and Bhasa.
26. *Kaviratna Mir*, Ram Nath Suman.
27 *Kalidasa*, Chandrabali Pandey
28 *Madhu-Jval*, Tr Sumitra Nandan Pant
29 *Malayalam Swayam-Shikshak*, Bharati Vidyarthi
30 *Malvi Aur Uska Sahitya*, Shyam Parmar
31 *Mahatma Sheikh Shadi*, Prem Chand
32 *Marathi Ka Varnanatmak Vyakaran*, N C Jogelkar
33 *Marathi Sahitya Ka Itihas*, Narain Vasudev Godbole
34 *Maulana Hali Aur Unka Kavya*, Jwala Datt Sharma
35 *Maulana Room Aur Unka Kavya*, Jagdish Chandra Vachaspati
36 *Munajate-beva*, Altaf Hussain Hali
37. *Nazir Ki Bani*, Firaq Gorakhpuri
38 *Omar Khayyam Ki Rubaiyan*, Raghuvanshi Lal Gupta.
39 *Pali Sahitya Ka Itihas*, Bharat Singh Upadhyaya
40 *Panchamrit*, Bala Shauri Reddi.
41 *Prakrit Aur Uska Sahitya*, Hardev Bahari
42 *Purani Rajasthani*, Tr Tessitori
43 *Rajasthani Bhasha*, Suniti Kumar Chatterjee
44 *Rajasthani Bhasha Aur Sahitya*, Motilal Melnaria.
45 *Rajasthani Bhasha Ki Roop-Rekha*, Purshottam Lal Menaria.
46 *Ras Sagar*, Sagar Nizami.
47 *Ravindra-Kavita-Kanan*, Tr Suryakant Tripathi 'Nirala'
48 *Rubaiyat Omar Khayyam*, Tr Maithili Sharan Gupta.
49 *Sarat Chandra. Vyakti Aur Kalakar*, Ilachandra Joshi
50 *Sarat Ke Nari-Patra*, Ram Swarup Chaturvedi
51 *Sarat Ke Latife*, Mahadev Saha
52. *Shelley*, Yetindra Kumar
53 *Sher-o-Sukhan*, Ayodhya Prasad Goyaliya
54 *Sher-o-Shairi*, Ayodhya Prasad Goyaliya
55 *Shudrak*, Chandrabali Pandey
56 *Tamil Aur Uska Sahitya*, Purnam Somasundram.
57 *Tamil Swayam-Shikshak*, S Mahalingam.
58 *Telugu Aur Uska Sahitya*, Hanumat Shastri Ayachit.
59. *Telugu Swayam-Shikshak*, M. Satyanarain.
60 *Urdu Aur Uska Sahitya*, Gopinath Aman.
61 *Urdu Sahitya Ka Itihas*, Ram Babu Saxena.
62 *Urdu Kavya Ki Nai Dhara*, Upendra Nath Ashk.

63 *Vinod Aur Vyang*, Parasnath Singh
64. *Vir-Vachanavali*, Bhai Vir Singh

BOTANY

1. *Hindi Madhyamik Anushthanik Audbhidi*, Naresh Chandra Verma.
2 *Prarambhik Udbhid Shastra*, Balwant Singh
3. *Prayogik Vanaspati-Shastra — Saral Adhyayan*, S D Agrawal
4 *Pushpa-Vigyan*, Hanuman Prasad Sharma.

CHEMISTRY

1 *Adhunik Rasayan*, Ramesh Chandra Verma
2 *Akarbnik Rasayan*, Phuldev Sahai Verma
3 *Akarbnik Rasayan*, Tr Tuli, Bahl and Amba Prasad
4 *Gunatmak Vishleshan Arthat Kriyatmak Rasayan Ka Pratham Bhag*, Ram Sharan Das Saxena
5 *Hindi Madhyamik Anusthanik Rasayan*, Tr Karbelkar and Nayak
6 *Karbnik Rasayan*, Satya Prakash
7 *Karbnik Rasayan*, R N Singh and M.N Bukharia
8 *Madhyamik Rasayan Ganit*, G D Tuli and P L Soni
9 *Manoranjak Rasayan*, Gopal Swaroop Bhargava
10 *Prarambhik Prangarik Rasayan*, Phuldev Sahai Verma
11 *Praveshika Prathmik Bhautik Aur Rasayan-Shastra*, G B Chaudhary
12 *Prayogik Rasayan*, Satya Prakash
13 *Prarambhik Rasayan-Shastra*, B B Bhagwat
14 *Prarambhik Audyogik Rasayan*, Nagendra Dutt Misra
15 *Rasayan Praveshika*, Phuldev Sahai Verma
16 *Rasayanik Tatva-Vishleshan*, Gorakh Prasad Srivastava
17 *Rasayan Ki Bhasha*, G D Tuli and P.L. Soni
18 *Sadharan Rasayan-Shastra*, Pt I-II, Phuldev Sahai Verma
19 *Sankhyatmak Rasayanik Vigyan*, K C Kulshrestha

COMMERCE

1 *Adhunik Parivahan*, Shiv Dhyan Singh Chauhan
2 *Ankeksana*, Vora, Vanmali & Agrawala.
3. *Dravya, Currency Aur Vinimaya*, Kanta Nath Garg
4. *Namalekha Aur Munimi*, Kasturmal Banthia
5. *Vanijya*, Shiv Sahai Chaturvedi

CRITICISM

1 *Adhunik Hindi Sahitya Ka Itihas*, Krishna Shankar Shukla.
2 *Alochak Ram Chandra Shukla*, Gulab Rai Vijayendra Snatak
3 *Asthachhap Parichay*, Prabhudayal Mittal
4 *Bharatiya Kavya-Shastra Ki Bhumika*, Ed Nagendra
5 *Bharatiya Sahitya-Shastra*, Pt. I-II, Baldeva Upadhayaya.
6 *Bharatendu-Yuga*, Rambilas Sharma
7 *Bhushan*, Vishvanath Prasad Sharma
8 *Complete Works*, Hazariprasad Dwivedi
9 *Complete Works*, Nagendra
10 *Complete Works*, Ramchandra Shukla
11 *Dinkar Ki Kavya-Sadhana*, Murlidhar Srivastava
12 *Fort William College*, Lakshmisagar Varshney
13 *Geeti-Kavya*, Ram Khelawan Pandey
14 *Guptaji Ki Kala*, Satyendra
15 *Hindi Bhasha Aur Sahitya*, Shyam Sunder Das
16 *Hindi Bhasha Aur Sahitya Ka Vikas*, 'Hariaudh'
17 *Hindi Bhasha Ka Itihas*, Dhirendra Verma
18 *Hindi Ki Gadya-Shaili Ka Vikas*, Jagannath Prasad Sharma
19 *Hindi Sahitya Ka Itihas*, Tr Garcin de Tassi
20 *Jain Sahitya Aur Itihas*, Nathuram Premi
21 *Jivan Ke Tatva Aur Kavya Ke Siddhant*, Lakshmi Narain Suddhanshu
22 *Naya Hindi Sahitya*, Prakshachandra Gupta

DRAMA

1 *Adim Yug*, Udaishankar Bhatt.
2 *Anjo Didi*, Upendranath Ashk
3 *Apurva Bengal*, Tr Mama Warerkar
4 *Aur Khai Barhati Gai*, Bharat Bhushan Agarwal
5 *Bhabhi*, Tr M. G Rangekar
6 *Chhatha Beta*, Upendranath Ashk
7 *Complete Works*, Bhartendu Harishchandra
8 *Complete Works*, Jaishankar Prasad.
9 *Faust*, Tr Bholanath Sharma.
10 *Gudiya Ka Ghar*, Tr Lakshmi Narain Mishra
11. *Jyotsna*, Sumitra Nandan Pant.
12 *Kaumudi-Mahotsava*, Ram Kumar Verma
13. *Kornark*, Jagdish Chandra Mathur
14 *Mahatma Isa*, 'Ugra'
15 *Mukti Ka Rahasya*, Lakshmi Narain Mishra
16 *Nadi Pyasi Thi*, Dharamvir Bharati.

17 *Nashe Nashe Ki Bat*, Yashpal.
18 *Pap Aur Prakash*, Tr Jainendra Kumar
19. *Parde Ke Pichhe*, Udaishankar Bhatt.
20 *Parda Uthao, Parda Girao*, Upendranath Ashk.
21 *Pratap-Pritigya*, 'Milind'
22 *Rajmukut*, Govindvallabh Pant
23 *Raj-Yoga*, Lakshmi Narain Mishra.
24 *Rajat-Rashmi*, Ram Kumar Verma
25 *Raksha-Bandhan*, Harikrishna 'Premi'
26 *Reshami Tai*, Ram Kumar Verma
27 *Rupaya Tumhen Kha Gaya*, Bhagwati Charan Verma.
28 *Sabai Bhumi Gopal Ki*, Seth Govind Das.
29. *Santosh Kahan*, Seth Govind Das.
30 *Sindoor Ki Holi*, Lakshmi Narain Mishra

EDUCATION

1 *Bharatiya Shiksha Siddhant*, Subodh Adaval
2 *Bharatiya Shiksha*, Rajendra Prasad.
3 *Buniyadi Shiksha*, Tr Gandhiji
4 *Gramya-Samaj Praudha Shiksha Yojana*, Tr S R Ranganathan
5 *Nai Talim*, Tr Dhirendra Mazumdar
6 *Prachin Bharatiya Shikshan Ka Itihas*, Tr A. S Altekar
7 *Purva Buniyadi Shiksha*, Tr Shanta Narulkar
8 *Shiksha Aur Samaj*, Saeed Ansari
9. *Shiksha Ki Samasyayen*, Tr Richard Livingston
10 *Shiksha Shastra*, Sita Ram Jaiswal
11 *Shiksha-Vigyan*, Lalji Ram Shukla
12 *Sundarpur Ki Pathshala Ka Pahala Ghanta*, Tr Jugat Ram Dave
13 *Swatantrata Aur Sanskriti*, Tr S Radhakrishnan.

ENGINEERING AND TECHNOLOGY

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2 *Charma Banane Ke Siddhanta*, Dev Datta Arora
3 *Electric Guide*, Narendra Nath
4 *Electric Supervisor-Shiksha*, A B Mathur
5 *Loco-Guide*, Hari Chand Ratta
6 *Low Cost Housing Technique*, H R. Mittal
7 *Metal Polish*, Kali Charan Gupta
8 *Motor Inspector*, Krishnanand Sharma
9 *Motor Mechanic Teacher*, Krishnanand Sharma
10. *Radio-Guide*, A B Mathur.
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12 *Sachitra Locomotive Valve-Setting*, Hari Chandra Batta
13 *Stup-Nirman-Kala*, Narayan Rao
14. *Suti, Uni, Reshami Kapron Ki Rangai, Chhapai, Dhutai*, S N Chopra.
15 *Tantu-Kala*, Lakshmi Chand
16 *Vastra-Shilpa*, Krishna Kant Pandey
17 *Vastra-Vigyan*, Prabhakar Divan

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1 *Dak-Ticket Sangraha Kala*, Prem Nath Chaturvedi
2 *Desh Videsh Men Manoranjan*, Manmath Rai
3 *Prachin Bharat Ke Kala-Vinod*, Hazariprasad Dwivedi
4 *Photography*, Gorakh Prasad
5 *Radio*, R R Khadilkar
6 *Radio Natak*, Harish Chandra Khanna
7 *Radio-Natya Shilp*, Siddhanath Kumar

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2 *Anusandhan Ka Swaroop*, Savitri Sinha
3 *Ardh-Narishwar*, Ramdhari Singh 'Dinkar'.
4 *Ashok Ke Phool*, Hazariprasad Dwivedi
5 *Balmukund Gupta-Nibandhavali*, Balmukund Gupta
6 *Bharatendu-Granthavali*, Pt III, Bhartendu Harishchandra
7 *Bhatt-Nibandhavali*, Balkrishna Bhatt
8 *Chintamani*, Ramchandra Shukla
9 *Chhitvan Ki Chhanh*, Vidya Niwas Misra
10 *Guleri-Granth*, Chandradhar Sharma Guleri
11 *Jeevan Ka Kavya*, Tr. Kaka Kalelkar
12 *Jhuth Sach*, Siyaram Sharan Gupta
13 *Kala Aur Sanskriti*, Vasudev Sharan Agrawal
14 *Kalp-Lata*, Hazariprasad Dwivedi
15 *Kavi-Rahasya*, Ganga Nath Jha
16 *Kavya-Kala Tatha Anya Nibandh*, Jaishankar Prasad
17 *Mata-Bhumi*, Vasudev Sharan Agrawal.
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19 *Ojha-Nibandh Sangrah*, Gaurishankar Hirachand Ojha.
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21 *Purvodaya*, Jainendra Kumar
22 *Ramavatar Sharma Nibandhavali*, Ramavatar Sharma.

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8 *Pashan Nagari*, Shiv Sahai Chaturvedi
9 *Rajasthani Bhilon Ke Lok-Git*, Phulji Bhai Bhil
10 *Rajasthani Lok-Git*, Surya Karan Parik

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1 *Bhukamp*, Ramchandra Verma
2 *Chandra Sarini*, Gorakh Prasad
3 *Dhatu Vigyan*, Daya Swaroop
4 *Graha Nakshatra*, Janardan Jha
5 *Koyale Ki Kahani*, Jagpati Chaturvedi
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10 *Prakritiki*, Jagadanand Rao
11 *Prakriti*, Dwarika Nath Misra
12 *Rubber*, Phuldev Sahai Verma
13 *Sapekshyavad*, Avadh Upadhyay
14 *Suryasarini*, Gorakh Prasad
15 *Srishti Ki Katha*, Satya Prakash
16 *Vaigyanik Vikas Ki Parampara*, Satya Prakash
17 *Vaigyaniki*, Jagadanand Rao
18 *Vigyan Ki Pragati*, Bhagwati Prasad Srivastava
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11 *Ashok*, B P Panthary
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20 *Bharat Men Sashastra Krantichesta Ka Romanchkari Itihas*, Manmath Nath Gupta
21 *Bharatvarsh Ka Itihas* (upto 1526), Rajabali Pandey and K L. Varma
22 *Bharat Vartaman Aur Bhavi*, Tr Rajani Palme Dutt
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24 *Bhugol Ke Bhautik Adhar*, Ramnath Dubey
26 *Calcutta Se Peking*, B S Upadhyaya
27 *Chalis Din Ki Kahani*, Paripurnanand Verma
28 *Chandel Aur Unka Rajatwakal*, Keshavachandra Mishra
29 *Chaulukya Kumarpal*, Lakshmi Shankar Vyas
30 *Chini Janata Ke Bich*, Jagdish Chandra Jain
31 *Chini Yatri Huentsang Ka Yatra-Vivaran*, Jagan Mohan Verma
32 *Chin Kal Aur Aj*, Tr K. M Panikkar
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34 *Desh Desh Ke Log*, Tr V D Ghate
35 *Dunia*, Tr Sayyad Zahir Hasan and Sayyad Abdul Majid.
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37 *Hamare Parosi Desh*, Ranjan
38 *Harshavardhan Shiladitya*, B P Panthary
39 *Himalaya Ki Yatra*, Tr Kaka Kalelkar
40 *Hindu Sabhyata*, Tr Radha Kumud Mukherji
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42 *Humayun-Nama*, Gulbadan Begum, Tr Brij Ratna Das
43 *Itihas Pravesh*, Pt. I-II, Jayachandra Vidyalankar
44 *Jai Amarnath*, Yashpal Jain.
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47 *Laddakh Yatra Ki Diary*, Sajjan Singh
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60 *Prithvi Parikrama*, Govind Das
61 *Punjab Ka Itihas*, Dharmavir
62 *Puranon Me Ganga*, Ram Pratap Tripathi Shastri
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69 *Sansar Ka Navin Bhugol*, Tr P C Bannerji
70 *Sanskriti Ke Char Adhyaya*, Ramdhari Singh 'Dinkar'
71 *Sarthavaha*, Motichandra
72 *Shivaji*, Tr Jadunath Sarkar
73 *Sikh Itihas*, Thakur Deshraj
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76 *Uttar Pradesh men Bauddha Dharma Ka Vikas*, Nalinaksha Dutt and K D Bajpai.
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2 *Audyogik Sangathan*, S C Saxena
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8 *Hindi*, Badri Nath Bhatta
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13 *Samanya Bhasha-Vigyan*, Babu Ram Saksena
14 *Shabda Sadhana*, Ram Chandra Verma
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3. *Calculas*, Gorakh Prasad
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8 *Hindi Madhyamik Bijganit*, Ayodhya Prasad Srivastava

9 *Hindi Madhyamik Sandra Raikhiki*, Ahilya Date.
10 *Hindi Madhyamik Trikonmati*, Y V Thosar.
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13 *Navin Trikonmati*, Kailash Sinha and S K. Sachdeva
14 *Niyamak Jyamiti*, P. C Gupta and S. K. Govil.
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16 *Prarambhik Avakal Samikaran*, Gorakh Prasad
17 *Sankhyiki Prarambhik Siddhanta Aur Unka Prayog*, P C Sharma
18 *Samatal Trikonmiti*, M Ray
19. *Samikaran Mimansa*, Sudhakar Dwivedi
20 *Trikonamiti*, Sukhdeva Pandeya

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2 *Arogya Shastra*, Chatursen Shastri
3 *Ayurvedarsh Samgraha*, Damodar Sharma Gaur
4 *Ayurvedic Injection Chikitsa*, Shyam Sunder Sharma
5 *Brihat 'Materia Medica'*, Manoranjan Banerjee
6 *Bhojan Aur Swasthya*, Satya Prakash
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8 *Dudh Hi Amrit Hai*, H P Goel
9 *Ham Swastha Kaise Rahen*, Satyakam
10 *Hamare Sharir Ki Rachna*, Pt I-II, Triloki Nath Verma
11 *Homeopathic Chikitsa-Paddhati Ki Ruprekha*, Prakashvati Sud
12 *Jeevanu-Vigyan*, Bhaskar Govind Ghanekar
13 *Kabz*, Mahavir Prasad Poddar
14 *Malaria Aur Kalazar-Chikitsa*, R D Bhattacharya
15 *Manasik Chikitsa*, Lalji Ram Shukla.
16 *Pancharya-Pranali*, Achal Behari Seth
17 *Phal — Unke Gun Tatha Upayog*, Keshav Kumar Thakur
18 *Prakritik Jeevan Ki Or*, Tr Vithal Das Modi
19 *Rogi-Pariksha*, Shiv Nath Khanna
20 *Sankshipt Shalya-Vigyan*, Mukund Swarup Verma
21 *Saral Sharir-Vigyan*, Narayan Das Bajoria and Ganga Prasad Bhutika
22. *Sonth* (and other nine booklets), Ramesh Vedi
23 *Sushruta-Samhita*, J D Sharma
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25 *Vanaushadhi Chandrodaya*, Chandra Raj Bhanadri.
26 *Yoga Dvara Swasthya Sadhan*, Vishwamitra Verma.
27 *Yunani Chikitsa Vidhi*, Mansa Ram Shukla.

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3 *Bachchon Ki Kuchh Samasyayen*, K L Shrimali
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6 *Griha-Vigyan*, Kanchan Lal Sabbarwal.
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11 *Santati Niyaman*, Tr Marie Stopes
12 *Vratotsava Manjari*, Brij Ratna Das

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3 *Bharat Ki Chitrakala*, Rai Krishna Das
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5 *Bharatiya Vastu-Kala*, Parmeshwari Lal Gupta
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7 *Mariful-naghmat, Pt I-III*, Raja Nawab Ali
8 *Murti Kala Ka Itihas, Tr* S M Asghar Ali Qadri
9 *Rag Vigyan, Pt I-V*, Pandit Vinayak Narain.
10 *Sangitagya Kaviyon Ki Hindi Rachanayen*, Narmadeshwar Chaturvedi.
11 *Sangit Vyayam*, Narayan Rao
12 *Shilpa Katha*, Nand Lal Basu
13 *Sringar Nayika*, S A Jogelkar
14 *Sangeet Sagar*, Prabhu Lal Garg
15 *Uttar Bharatiya Sangeet Ka Samkshipt Itihas*, Bhatkhanee

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2 *Anka-Banka*, Tr Prabodh Kumar Sanyal
3 *Anand-Math*, Tr Bankim Chatterjee
4 *Aparadh Aur Dand*, Tr. Fyodor Dostoevsky
5 *Astik*, Tr Sane Guruji.
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9 *Chacha Chhakkan*, Tr. Imtyaz Ali 'Taj'.

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12 *Chitralekha*, Bhagwati Charan Verma
13 *Chunauti*, Tr Thakazhi Sivashankara Pillai
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16. *Devdas*, Tr Saratchandra Chatterjee
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19 *Ghar-Bahar*, Tr Rabindranath Tagore
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21 *Jai Somnath*, Tr K. M Munshi
22 *Jhansi Ki Rani*, Vrindavan Lal Verma
23 *Kajali*, Tr Bhabani Bhattacharya
24 *Kerala-Sinham*, Tr K M Panikkar
25 *Manushya Ke Roop*, Yashpal
26 *Mriganayani*, Vrindavan Lal Verma
27 *Murdon Ka Teela*, Rangeya Raghav
28 *Nari*, Siyaramasharan Gupta
29 *Nasiketopakhyan*, Sadal Mishra
30 *Parakh*, Jainendra Kumar
31 *Pariksha Guru*, Shrinivas Das
32 *Sagar, Laharen Aur Manushya*, Udaishankar Bhatt
33 *Sankra Dwar*, Tr Andre Gide
34 *Sanyasi*, Ilachandra Joshi
35 *Shekhar Ek Jivani*, Pt I-II, 'Agyeya'
36 *Shesh Prashna*, Tr Saratchandra Chatterji
37 *Siddharth*, Tr Herman Hesse
38 *Sorath Tera Bahta Pani*, Tr Jhaverchand Meghani
39 *Suneeta*, Jainendra Kumar
40 *Terhe Merhe Kaste*, Bhagwati Charan Verma
41 *Tyaga-Patra*, Jainendra Kumar.
42 *Umrao Jan Ada*, Tr Mirza Rusva
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17 *Ganesh*, Sampurnanand
18 *Gita-Pravachan*, Vinoba
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20 *Mahayana*, Bhadanta Shanti Bhikshu
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22 *Manovigyan*, Saryuprasad Chaube
23 *Manovigyan*, Nirmala Sherjang
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25 *Niti-Vigyan*, Sangam Lal Pande
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27 *Paschatya Darshanon Ka Itihas*, Gulab Rai
28 *Paschatya Tark-Shastra*, Pt I-II, Bhikshu Jagdish Kashyap
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30 *Purushartha*, Bhagwan Das
31 *Saral Manovigyan*, Lalji Ram Shukla
32 *Satya Ki Khoj*, Tr S Radhakrishnan
33 *Spinoza Aur Uska Darshana*, Sriram Madhav Chingle
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9 *Avantika*, Janakiballabh Shastri
10 *Bali-Path Ke Geet*, Jagannath Prasad 'Milind'
11 *Bapu*, Siyaramsharan Gupta
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21	Orient Longmans, Delhi	19
22	Prem Nath Chaturvedi, Delhi	1
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25	R V Dhulekar, M P	1
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27.	Ramdayal Agrawal, Allahabad	13
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43	Swadhyaya Mandal Pardi, Surat	36
44	Tarun Bharat Granthawali, Kanpur	1
45	Vigyan Parishad, Allahabad	18
46	Vinod Pustak Mandir, Agra	8
47	Vishnu Art Press, Allahabad	4
48	Youngman & Co, Delhi	6

Our Contributors

VALLATHOL (1879-1958) Famous Malayalam poet. Articles on Vallathol appear in 'Indian Literature', Vol I, Nos 1 & 2

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University, Aligarh Critic and dramatist. Has published a History of Hindi Literature in Urdu

Publications of Sahitya Akademi

Assamese

1 *Banabhattar Atmakatha* (novel) by Hazariprasad Dwivedi Translated from Hindi by Chakreshwar Bhattacharya Published by Sahitya Akademi and available at Orient Book Co, 9 Shyama Charan De St. Calcutta 12 Pp 320, Price Rs 6/- (1959)

2. *Sanchayana* (An anthology of Assamese poetry) edited by Maheswar Neog Published by Sahitya Akademi and available at Lawyers' Book Stall, Gauhati Price Rs 7 50 (1959)

3 *Bhagawan Buddha* (Marathi classic) by Dharmanand Kosambi Translated by Chakreshwar Bhattacharya. Published by Sahitya Akademi and available at Lawyers' Book Stall, Gauhati Price Rs 5/- (1959)

4 *Bara Mahar Tera Geet* (selection of folk-songs of Assam) edited by Prafulla Dutt Goswami Published by Sahitya Akademi (in Press)

5 *Prachina Vaishnava Gita Sanchayana* (Ancient Vaishnava Lyric poetry) edited by Satyendranath Sharma. Published by Sahitya Akademi (in Press)

6 *Matir Manush* (novel) by Kalindicharan Panigrahi Translated from Oriya by S N Sharma Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by Bani Prakash Mandir, Gauhati (in Press).

7 *Ekottarsati* (101 Poems of Rabindranath Tagore) Translated from Bengali by Navakant Barua and Ratnakant Barkakati. Published by Sahitya Akademi (in Press).

Bengali

1. *Baishnava Padavali* (Vaishnava Lyric poetry) edited by Sukumar Sen Published by Sahitya Akademi and available at Signet Press, Calcutta-20 Pp xvi+100, Price Rs 2/- (1957)

2. *Banabhatter Atmakatha* (novel) by Hazariprasad Dwivedi Translated from Hindi by Priyaranjan Sen Published by Sahitya Akademi and available at Viswa-Bharati, 6/3, Dwarakanath Tagore Lane, Calcutta Pp 275, Price Rs 5 50 (1958)

3 *Matir Murti* (pen-portraits of rural India) by Rambriksh Benipuri Translated from Hindi by Maya Gupta Published by Sahitya Akademi and available at Viswa-Bharati, 6/3, Dwarakanath Tagore Lane, Calcutta Pp 134, Price Rs 2 50 (1959)

4 *Matir Manush* (novel) by Kalindicharan Panigrahi Translated from Oriya by Sukhlata Rao Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at Tribeni Prakashan, 177-A, Upper Circular Road, Calcutta —4. Pp 113, Price Rs 2 50 (1959)

5 *Du Kunke Dhan* (Malayalam novel) by T Sivasankara Pillai Translated by Malina Devi Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at Tribeni Prakashan, 177-A, Upper Circular Road, Calcutta—4 Pp 141, Price Rs 3/- (1959)

6. *Atmakatha* (autobiography) by Rajendra Prasad. Translated by Priyaranjan Sen Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by Orient Book Co, 9, Shymacharan De Street, Calcutta-12 (in Press)

7. *Tao-Te-Ching* (Chinese classic) by Lao-Tze Translated by Amitendranath Tagore. Published by Sahitya Akademi (in Press)

8 *Chaitanya Charitamrita* Selected and edited by Sukumar Sen Published by Sahitya Akademi (in Press)

English

1 *Contemporary Indian Literature* (a symposium on Indian literatures) Published by Sahitya Akademi and available at the Publications Division, Old Secretariat, Delhi-8 Revised and enlarged second edition Pp 338, Price Foreign edition $ 2 or Sh 15, Indian edition Rs 4 50 (1959)

2 *Binodini* (novel *Chokher Bali*) by Rabindranath Tagore Translated by K R Kripalani Published by Sahitya Akademi and available at the Publications Division, Old Secretariat, Delhi-8 Pp 276, Price De luxe Rs 5 50, Ordinary Rs 3 50 (1959)

3 *Contemporary Indian Short Stories* Published by Sahitya Akademi and available at the Publications Division, Old Secretariat, Delhi-8 Pp 132, Price De luxe Rs 3 50, Ordinary Rs 2 50 (1959).

4 *A History of Bengali Literature* by Sukumar Sen Published by Sahitya Akademi (in Press)

5 *A Bibliography of Indian Literature* Published by Sahitya Akademi (in Press)

6 *Who's Who of Indian Writers* Published by Sahitya Akademi (in Press)

Gujarati

1. *Bhagawan Buddha* by Dharmanand Kosambi Translated from Marathi by Gopalarao Kulkarni Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at N. M Tripathi & Co, Princess Street, Bombay-2 Pp. 380, Price Rs. 5/- (1957)

2. *Ravi Rashmi*, Parts I & II (21 selected short stories of Rabindranath Tagore) Translated from Bengali by the late Bacchubhai Shukla. Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at A R Sheth & Co, Govind Building, Princess Street, Bombay Pp 262 & 304, Price Rs 4/- per volume (1957)

3. *Matini Murtio* (pen-portraits of rural India) by Rambriksh Benipuri Translated from Hindi by Jayant Baxi Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi and available at Vora & Co Publishers Pri Ltd, 3 Round Building, Kalbadevi Road, Bombay Pp 127, Price Rs 2/- (1957)

4. *Banabhattani Atmakatha* (novel) by Hazariprasad Dwivedi Translated from Hindi by Navaranga Dholakia Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at Vora & Co Publishers Pri Ltd, 3 Round Building, Kalbadevi Road, Bombay Pp 371, Price Rs 5 50 (1957)

5. *Gujaratinan Ekanki* (an anthology of one-act plays in Gujarati) edited by Gulabdas Broker Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at Harihar Pustakalay, Tower Road, Surat Pp xxvi + 270, Price Rs 4/- (1958)

6. *Moliernan Be Natako* (two plays *Tartuffe* and *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*) by Moliere Translated by Hansa Mehta Published by Sahitya Akademi and available at Vora & Co Publishers Pri Ltd, 3 Round Building, Kalbadevi Road, Bombay. Pp 188, Price Rs. 3 50 (1959)

7. *Nhanalal Madhukosh* (selected poems) by Nhanalal Dalpatram Ed by Anantray M Rawal Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi and available at Vora & Co, Publishers Private Ltd, 3 Round Building, Kalbadevi Road, Bombay Price Rs 4/- (1959)

8 *Saraswatichandra* (novel) by Govardhanram Tripathi Abridged by Upendra Pandeya Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by N M Tripathi & Co, Princess Street, Bombay-2 (in Press)

9 *Gujarati Tunki Varta* (an anthology of Gujarati short stories). Ed by M M Jhaveri Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by Gurjara Grantharatna Karyalaya, Gandhi Road, Ahmedabad (in Press)

10 *Bhutaval* (drama *Ghosts*) by Ibsen Translated by Gulabdas Broker Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by Chetan Prakashan Grih, Baroda (in Press)

11 *Arogya Niketan* (novel) by Tarasankar Bandyopadhyaya Translated from Bengali by Ramanik Meghanee Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by Vora & Co Publishers Private Ltd, 3 Round Building, Kalbadevi Road, Bombay (in Press)

Hindi

1. *Bhagawan Buddha* by Dharmanand Kosambi Translated from Marathi by Sripada Joshi Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at Rajkamal Prakasana Private Ltd, Faiz Bazar, Delhi Pp 400, Price Rs 5/- (1956)

2. *Kerala Simha* (novel) by K M Panikkar Translated from Malayalam by Ratnamayidevi Dixit and Sitacharan Dixit Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at Purvodaya Prakasana, Darya Ganj, Delhi Pp 233, Price Rs 3/- (1956)

3 *Mitti ka Putla* (novel) by Kalindicharan Panigrahi Translated from Oriya by Saraswati Panigrahi and Nityananda Mahapatra. Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at Purvodaya Prakasana, Darya Ganj, Delhi. Pp 125, Price Rs 2/- (1956)

4. *Bharatiya Kavita 1953* (an anthology of Indian poetry transliterated in devanagari, with translation in Hindi and a Foreword by Jawaharlal Nehru) Published by Sahitya Akademi and available at the Publications Division, Old Secretariat, Delhi 8 Pp 608, Price Rs 5/- (1957)

5 *Candide* (novel) by Voltaire Translated from French by Brijnath Madhav Bajpai with an Introduction by H E Le Comte Stanislas Ostrorog Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at Rajhans Prakasan, Sadar Bazar, Delhi Pp 142, Price Rs 2/- (1957)

6 *Do Ser Dhan* (novel) by T Sivasankara Pillai Translated from Malayalam by Bharati Vidyarthi Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at Atma Ram and Sons, Kashmiri Gate, Delhi Pp 167, Price Rs 2/- (1957)

7 *Aranyak* (novel) by Bibhutibhushan Bandyopadhyaya Translated from Bengali by Hans Kumar Tiwari Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at Bharati Bhandar, Leader Press, Allahabad Pp 287, Price Rs 4/- (1957)

8 *Vaidik Samskriti ka Vikas* (an interpretation of Vedic culture) by Tarakateertha Laxmanshastri Joshi Translated from Marathi by M D Paradkar Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at Hindi Granth Ratnakar Private Ltd, Bombay-4 Pp xxi+360, Price Rs 5/- (1957)

9 *Amrit Santan* (novel) by Gopinath Mohanty Translated from Oriya by Yugjit Nawalpuri with a Foreword by Hare Krushna Mahtab Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at Bharati Bhandar, Leader Press, Allahabad Pp 814, Price Rs. 12/- (1957)

10 *Genji ki Kahani* (Japanese novel) by Murasaki Shikubu. Translated by Chhabinath Pandeya Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at Gyan Mandal Ltd, Varanasi Pp 310, Price Rs 4.50 (1957)

11. *Arogya-Niketan* (novel which won the Sahitya Akademi Award for 1956) by Tarashankar Bandyopadhyaya. Translated from Bengali by Hans Kumar Tiwari Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at Rajpal & Sons, Kashmiri Gate, Delhi Pp 424, Price Rs 6/- (1957)

12 *Kya Yahi Sabhyata Hai?* (two plays *Ekei ki Bole Sabhyata?* and *Burho Saliker Ghare Rom*) by Michael Madhusudan Dutt Translated from Bengali by Nemi Chandra Jain with a Foreword by Humayun Kabir Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at Sahitya Bhavan, Allahabad Pp 92, Price Rs 1 50 (1957)

13 *Adam Khor* (novel) by Nanak Singh Translated from Punjabi by K K Joshi Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at National Publishing House, Nai Sarak, Delhi Pp 348, Price Rs 5/- (1957)

14 *Rusi-Hindi Sabdakosh* (A Russian-Hindi Dictionary) by W R Rishi Foreword by Jawaharlal Nehru Published by Sahitya Akademi and available at the Publications Division, Old Secretariat, Delhi-8 Pp 955, Price Rs 35 00, 72s 6d, $ 10, 50 roubles (1957)

15 *Narayana Rao* (novel) by Adivi Bapiraju Translated from Telugu by A Ramesh Chaudhary Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at Bharati Sahitya Mandir, Fountain, Delhi Pp 451, Rs 6/- (1958)

16 *Aj ka Bharatiya Sahitya* (a symposium on Indian

literatures) Translation of *Contemporary Indian Literature* (*vide* item No 1 under English) by Prabhakar Machwe and S H Vatsyayana Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at Rajpal & Sons, Kashmiri Gate, Delhi Pp 492, Rs 7/- (1958)

17 *Jeevi* (novel) by Pannalal Patel Translated from Gujarati by Padmasingh Sharma 'Kamalesh' Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at Rajkamal Prakashan Private Ltd, Faiz Bazar, Delhi Pp 271, Price Rs 4 50 (1958)

18 *Bhagna-Murti* (poetry) by A R Deshpande 'Anil' Translated from Marathi by Prabhakar Machwe Published by Sahitya Akademi and available at Rajkamal Prakashan, Faiz Bazar, Delhi Pp 84, Price Re 1/- (1958)

19 *Ekottarsati* (101 Poems of Rabindranath Tagore transliterated in devanagari with a glossary in Hindi by Rampujan Tiwari) Foreword by Humayun Kabir Published by Sahitya Akademi and available at Rajkamal Prakashan Private Ltd, Faiz Bazar, Delhi Pp 432, Price De luxe Rs 10/-, Ordinary Rs 8/- (1958)

20 *Chilika* (poetry) by Radhanath Roy Translated from Oriya by Yugajit Nawalpuri Published by Sahitya Akademi and available at Rajkamal Prakashan Private Ltd, Faiz Bazar, Delhi Pp 68, Price Rs 1 50 (1959)

21 *Mirat-ul-Urus* (The Bride's Mirror) by Nazir Ahmed Transliterated in devanagari with a glossary by Madanlal Jain Published by Sahitya Akademi and available at Rajkamal Prakashan Private Ltd, Faiz Bazar, Delhi Pp 319+4, Price Rs 4 50 (1959)

22 *Miri Bitia* (novel) by Rajanikant Bordoloi Translated from Assamese by Yugajit Nawalpuri. Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at Ranjit

Printers, Chandni Chowk, Delhi Pp 122, Price Rs 2/- (1959)

23 *Chhe Bigha Zamin* (novel) by Fakir Mohan Senapati. Translated from Oriya by Yugajit Nawalpuri Published by Sahitya Akademi and available at Rajkamal Prakashan Private Ltd, Faiz Bazar, Delhi Pp. 204, Price Rs 3/- (1959)

24. *Bharatiya Kavita 1954-55* (an anthology of Indian poetry transliterated in devanagari with translation in Hindi) Published by Sahitya Akademi (in Press)

25 *Santala* (novel) by K V Iyer Translated from Kannada by Hiranmaya Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by Gyan Peeth Private Ltd, Patna (in Press)

26 *Rudramadevi* (novel) by Nori Narasimhasastri Translated from Telugu by Bala Shauri Reddy Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by Bombay Prakasan, Bombay (in Press)

27 *Ghubare Khatir* (belles-lettres) by Maulana Azad. Transliterated in devanagari with a copious glossary in Hindi by Madanlal Jain Published by Sahitya Akademi (in Press)

28 *Koun Dhyan Deta Hai?* (novel) by H N Apte Translated from Marathi by Srinivas Kochkar Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by Bharatiya Sahitya Mandir, Fountain, Delhi-6 (in Press)

29 *Machhuare* (*Chemmen*—novel which won the Sahitya Akademi Award for 1957) by T Sivasankara Pillai Translated from Malayalam by Bharati Vidyarthi Published by Sahitya Akademi (in Press).

30 *Andhra ka Samajik Itihas* (*Andhrula Sanghika Chari-*

tramu) by Suravaram Pratap Reddi. Translated from Telugu by R Venkata Rao Published by Sahitya Akademi (in Press)

31 *Gita-Panchasati* (500 songs of Tagore) Transliterated in devanagari with glossary in Hindi by Rampujan Tiwari (in Press)

32. *Vallathol ki Kavitayen* (selected poems of Vallathol) Translated from Malayalam by Ratnamayidevi Dixit Published by Sahitya Akademi (in Press)

33 *Narsingh ki Diary* (travelogue diary of Narsingh, nineteenth century mountaineer). Published by Sahitya Akademi (in Press)

Kannada

1 *Bhagawan Buddha* by Dharmanand Kosambi Translated from Marathi by Adya Rangacharya. Published by Sahitya Akademi and available at the Publications Division, Old Secretariat, Delhi-8 Pp xvi+418, Price Rs 3/- (1957)

2 *Banabhattana Atmakathe* (novel) by Hazariprasad Dwivedi Translated from Hindi by M S Krishna Murthy Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at Samaj Pustakalaya, Dharwar Pp 412, Price Rs 3 50 (1957)

3 *Ekanka Sangraha* (an anthology of one-act plays) edited by Adya Rangacharya Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by Mysore Printing and Publishing House, Mysore (in Press)

4 *Atmakathe* (autobiography) by Rajendra Prasad Translated from Hindi by Siddavanahalli Krishna Sharma Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by Sadhana Prakasana, Raichur (in Press).

5 *Molierana Eradu Natakagalu* (Moliere's two plays. *Tartuffe* and *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*) by Moliere. Translated by A N Moorthy Rao Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by Kavyalaya, Krishnamurthy Puram, Mysore (in Press)

6 *Rajaniti* (*The Prince*) by Machiavelli Translated by Navaratna Rama Rao Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by Kannada Prapancha Prakasana, Mangalore (in Press)

7 *Soviradondu Ratri* (*Arabian Nights*) Translated from English by C K Venkataramayya Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by Sharada Publishing House, Bangalore (in Press)

8 *Yaru Lakshisuvavaru?* (novel) by H N Apte Translated from Marathi by Sri & Smt Sivaram Karanth Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by Samaj Pustakalaya, Dharwar (in Press)

Kashmiri

1 *Koeshier Shairi* (*Intekhab* Anthology of Kashmiri Poetry) Edited by G M Hagini Published by Sahitya Akademi (in Press)

2. *Tshaay* (*Ghosts*) by Ibsen Translated by Akhtar Mohiuddin Published by Sahitya Akademi (in Press)

Malayalam

1 *Bhagawan Buddha* by Dharmanand Kosambi Translated from Marathi by P Seshadri Aiyar Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at Sahitya Pravarthaka Co-operative Society Ltd, National Book Stall, Kottayam Pp 530, Price Rs 4/- (1957)

2. *Banabhattante Atmakatha* (novel) by Hazariprasad

Dwivedi Translated from Hindi by Ratnamayi Devi Dixit Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at Mangalodayam Private Ltd, Trichur Pp 380, Price Rs 3 50 (1956)

3 *Mann Kolangal* (pen-portraits of rural India) by Rambriksh Benipuri Translated from Hindi by Abhaya Dev Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at Sahitya Pravarthaka Co-operative Society Ltd, National Book Stall, Kottayam Pp 175, Price Rs 2/- (1957)

4 *Malayala Sahitya Charitram* (A History of Malayalam Literature) by P K Parameshwaran Nair Published by Sahitya Akademi and available at Mathrubhumi Printing and Publishing Co, Kozhikode Pp viii+301, Price Calico edition Rs 4 50, Ordinary Rs 3 50 (1958)

5 *Aranyak* (novel) by Bibhutibhushan Bandyopadhyaya Translated from Bengali by Vasudeva Kurup Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at Sahitya Pravarthaka Co-operative Society Ltd, National Book Stall, Kottayam Pp 16 + 365, Price Rs 4/- (1959)

6 *Lear Rajavu* (*King Lear*) by Shakespeare Translated by K M Panikkar Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at Sahitya Pravarthaka Cooperative Society Ltd, National Book Stall, Kottayam. Pp 16 + 211, Price Rs 3/- (1959)

7 *Rajaniti* (*The Prince*) by Machiavelli Translated by P C Devassia. Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at Sahitya Parishad Co-operative Society Ltd, Hospital Road, Ernakulam Pp 196, Price Rs 3/- (1959)

8 *Walden* (American Classic) by Thoreau. Translated

by Sreekrishna Sharma Published by Sahitya Akademi (in Press)

Marathi

1 *Matichya Murti* (pen-portraits of rural India) by Rambriksh Benipuri Translated from Hindi by D B. Karnik Published on behalf of Sahitya Akademi by and available at the Popular Book Depot, Lamington Road, Bombay-7 Pp 151, Price Rs 2 50 (1957)

2. *Rajwade Lekh-Sangraha* (select writings of Rajwade) Edited by Tarkateertha Laxmanshastri Joshi Published by Sahitya Akademi and available at Popular Book Depot, Lamington Road, Bombay-7 Pp xvi+294, Price Rs 5/- (1958)

3 *Candide* (French classic) by Voltaire Translated by Naresh Kavadi Published by Sahitya Akademi and available at Chitrasala Printing Press, Poona Pp 136, Price Rs 2/- (1958)

4 *Smriti-Chitren* (reminiscences) by Lakshmibai Tilak Abridged by D N Tilak Published by Sahitya Akademi and available at Popular Book Depot, Lamington Road, Bombay-7 Pp ix+398, Price Rs 5/- (1958)

5. *Atmakatha* (autobiography) by Rajendra Prasad Translated from Hindi by Naresh Kavadi Published by Sahitya Akademi and available at Popular Book Depot, Lamington Road, Bombay-7 Pp 712, Price Rs 15/- (1958)

6 *Raja* (*The Prince*) by Machiavelli. Translated by Arundhati Khandkar. Published by Sahitya Akademi (in Press)

7. *Agarkar Lekh-Sangraha* (selected writings of Agarkar) Ed. by G P. Pradhan. Published by Sahitya Akademi.

(in Press).

8 *Ekavinshati* (21 Short Stories of Tagore) Translated from Bengali by Mama Warerkar Published by Sahitya Akademi (in Press)

9 *Adhunik Bharatiya Sahitya* (a symposium on Indian literatures) Translation of *Contemporary Indian literature* (*vide* item 1 under English) by D B Karnik. Published by Sahitya Akademi (in Press)

Oriya

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